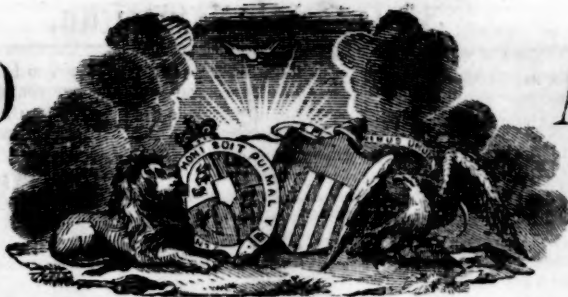


A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS



FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1846.

Vol. 7. No. 18.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER DEAD INFANT.

How can I weep? the tear of pain
Thy tranquil beauty would profane,
Darken thy cheek's unsullied snow,
And wet the white rose on thy brow.

How can I sigh? the breathing deep,
My baby, might disturb thy sleep,
And thou, with that unclouded smile,
Would'st seem rebuking me the while.

How can I grieve, while, all around,
I hear a low unearthly sound,
The wailing of my cherub's wings,
The hymn my infant-angel sings?

Yet, lovely as in death thou art,
It seem'd so cruel to depart,
To close on me thy laughing eye,
Unclasp thy little arms and—die!

TAKE BACK THY GIFT.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Take back, dear maid! the blushing flowers
Thy gentle fingers placed in mine,
Ere they recall the vanished hours
When I was cheered by smiles of thine.
Take back—take back the only gift,
From which my memory ne'er shall part,
For, oh! believe me, it hath left
A lasting impress on my heart.

Take back, dear maid! the fatal prize
That still reminds my heart of thee,
And bids me love those searching eyes,
Mine own, perhaps, no more may see.
Still, let no other fingers press
The gift, thine pressing, made their own,
And I in after years will bless
The love that leaves me now alone.

Take back thy gift, and if, dear maid!
Thou wouldst one rapture still bestow,—
Then let that rapture be conveyed
In bidding Hope's sweet waters flow.
Whate'er my fate in after years,
Though scathed by stern Misfortune's blast,
My heart, embalmed in hidden tears,
Shall be thy monument at last.

SIR ROBERT SALE.

The hero of Jellalabad has fallen! And truly may it be said, that England mourns over Sale, more than she rejoices in her late Indian victories!

Sir Robert was the son of Colonel Sale, one of the old fighting colonels of the East India Company, who distinguished himself on several occasions in their service. He was, we believe, engaged in a sortie from Vellore when his gallant son was born, which event took place on the 2nd of September, 1782. His father was a Yorkshireman; his mother a Kentish woman, and daughter of Commodore Beynes, who was lost with his ship in the West Indies.

His first commission bears date the 24th of February, 1792, when he was gazetted as an ensign in the 26th foot. Two years after he became a lieutenant, and immediately proceeded to India. He there exchanged into the 12th, and served creditably with Lord Harris, during the campaign which terminated in Tippoo's death. He was engaged in the battle of Mallavelly, the first general action at which the hero of an hundred fights, His Grace the Duke of Wellington was present. And at the taking of Seringapatam, which very soon followed, he was very creditably distinguished.

The years which followed were eventful in the history of India. British power was then far from established or consolidated as it afterwards became; and the native princes but sulkily submitted to what they deemed, and with colour of reason, foreign usurpation. The consequence was, intrigue and treachery; a show of peace, without the reality; a disposition to take advantage of every untoward circumstance by which the authority of the company might be narrowed or shaken; and a readiness to associate themselves with any allies by whose aid the object of their fear and their aversion might be rooted out of the land. Such were the feelings which engendered the Nahratta war, during the whole of which, under General Stevenson, Sir Robert, still a subaltern, served with distinction. And had not a man of Lord Wellesley's firmness and decision held the office of governor-general; and had not our gallant army been commanded, as it was, by Lord Lake, and Sir Arthur Wellesley; and had there not been among its subalterns many who were animated by the spirit, or influenced by the example of Sir Robert Sale, it is more than probable that a campaign which added millions to the exchequer, and kingdoms to the territory of the East India Company, would have terminated in their expulsion from India. It was not until 1806 that Sir Robert, being then in his twenty fourth year, obtained his company.

In 1809, he married the distinguished lady who is now his sorrowful survivor. Lady Sale is the granddaughter of Alexander Wynch, a Yorkshireman, who was governor of Madras. Her father, George Wynch, was a civilian in the compa-

ny's service. We need not say what an object of interest she became to the whole of Europe during her severe and perilous captivity under Akbar Khan; nor with what eagerness her journal of her trials and sufferings was devoured by the reading public after her so unexpected deliverance. Suffice it to say, she proved herself in all respects worthy of the heroic individual with whom her lot in life was united.

Three months after his marriage, we find Sir Robert engaged under Colonel Chalmers, in storming the lines of Travancore: and he was present at the capture of the Mauritius, when that beautiful island, the paradise of the East, was taken from the French by General Abercrombie.

Had Sale possessed powerful friends, his promotion, no doubt, would have been more rapid. He had now seen much and varied service, during more than three campaigns, in all of which he was actively engaged; and frequently by his gallantry, attracted the marked approbation of his superiors. And yet he had not risen higher than the rank of captain; nor was it until the year 1813, after a period of eighteen years' almost unremitting service, that he reached the rank of field officer.

In 1818 he was placed upon half pay, the second battalion of the 12th, to which he belonged, having been reduced. And "the piping time of peace" but ill assorting with the disposition of one who had been bred amongst battles, in 1821, by "paying the difference," he effected an exchange into the 13th light infantry, and proceeded, in 1823, to India. This was decidedly the busiest period of Sir Robert's active life. The Burmese war was then raging; and an officer of his intelligence and intrepidity was a great acquisition to our army, contending, as it was, with active, daring, and skilful enemies. He was present at the capture of Rangoon, on the 2nd of May, where his conduct was such as to attract the marked approbation of all his superiors. In the month following, he stormed the stockades near Kemmendine, for which he received the thanks of his commanding officer on the field of battle; nor did the notice of that affair end there. The gallantry and skill which he then displayed were honourably mentioned in a general order issued to the army in the following July. This was in 1824. In December of that year, he stormed the enemy's lines; and four days afterwards, having been placed at the head of 1,600 men, he led them with such determined gallantry, that the Burmese warriors, though skilfully posted, and far outnumbering his own troops, were every where routed from their position. For this service he was highly extolled. It was followed rapidly by a signal victory obtained by him over the enemy near the great Pagoda of Rangoon. And on the 15th of December, he received a severe wound in the head, while storming an entrenchment near Koskein; "making," observes the writer in *The Times* to whom we are chiefly indebted for the substance of the foregoing, "altogether four victories in the course of one month—every one of them hard-fought battles."

Sale was now universally regarded not merely as a gallant soldier, but as an able commander. His name again appears in the general orders, as one who had entitled himself to the respect of the army; and having been appointed to the command of the brigade sent to reduce Bassein, he justified the selection by the complete success of all the operations undertaken by that portion of the army with whose conduct and direction he was entrusted.

On the 2nd of June, 1825, he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Towards the close of that year we find him again engaged with the Shawms and the Burmese at Proma—as usual, with honour to himself, having succeeded both in defeating the attack of the enemy, and in his attack upon their lines and heights on the following day.

On the 13th of January, 1826, he received a severe wound when storming Meeloon. On this occasion, his signal gallantry was noticed in the handsomest manner by the commander-in-chief, who presented him with the badge and riband of the Companion of the Bath.

We now approach the period of the disastrous expedition to Afghanistan. His brevet rank as colonel bears date the 28th of June, 1831; and in 1838 he commanded the first Bengal brigade of the army of the Indus, to whom the advance into the country of Dost Mohammed was confided. The events of that melancholy enterprise are too fresh in public memory to need any detail of them here. But whatever may have been the policy or the impolicy of the measure itself, for that Sale was not responsible; while to him principally are attributable the successes by which the errors of his superiors were redeemed.

The advances through that difficult country, the expedition to Girishk, the storming and capture of Ghuznee, were all services in which he was honourably distinguished, and for which he received the local rank of major-general, and the star of a Knight Commander of the Bath; while the new sovereign, Shah Soojah, dignified him with the order of the Douranee Empire.

The forces sent to the Kohistan country, for the purpose of subduing and capturing Dost Mohammed, were placed under his command; and Tootum Durrah, Thoolghur, Borhoo Kush Ghur, Kar Durrah, soon felt the power of his arms, and yielded successively to the active and vigorous proceedings by which all his operations were characterized. On the 2d of November, 1840, "he expelled the enemy, under the command of Dost Mohammed, from the forts and town of Pewan;" [*Times*, February 24, 1846.] and when the surrender of that chieftain, into the hands of Sir William Mac Naghten, apparently put an end to the war, he was raised by Shah Soojah to the highest class of the above-mentioned order of knighthood, by which that short-lived sovereign marked his sense of the merits and services of those to whom he was chiefly indebted for the establishment of his authority.

Hitherto we have seen the hero in success. Up to the date last mentioned, a prosperous issue attended all the warlike efforts of the British army. Now came disasters by which their constancy was sorely tried; and it is not too much to affirm, that to the heroic gallantry and endurance of this veteran soldier, under a pressure of disasters and difficulties such as would have overcome almost

any other commander, is to be ascribed our rescue from final ruin, when Akbar Khan and the Affghans rose up against us.

Our space does not permit us to enter in detail into the gallant exploits of Sir Robert in storming the Khoord Cabul pass, driving the enemy from the heights of Teezeen, forcing the pass at Jugdulluck, and storming the fort at Manao Khail. But his retreat upon Jellalabad, and the heroic stand which he made there, under circumstances almost unparalleled in the annals of warfare, have given the crowning grace and glory to his character as one of the most renowned of British warriors in India.

At Ghuznee our hero received a sabre wound in the chin, and musket balls in the breast and shoulder, and still he continued amongst the most active of those engaged in the service; directing by his counsel (as far as his counsel would be listened to by the civilians who were in that country at the head of affairs), and animating by his example.

He was severely wounded in the leg at the Khoord Cabul pass by a musket shot, the ball entering near the ankle, shivering the bone, and being taken out at the other side from the skin, where it had made a lodgment. He was suffering much from this wound when, on the 7th of April, he entered Jellalabad, an almost defenceless village; his men, few in number, and disheartened by the severities both of the campaign and the season, and in want of almost all the necessities which would enable them to make a stand against the enemy, now flushed with success, having captured or massacred most of the British authorities and a large portion of the troops, and under a leader who cherished a natural resentment against the subverters of his father's throne, and who was fully bent upon the utter extirpation of the hated invaders. To resolve, as he did under such circumstances, to make a last stand in such a place, proves Sale to have been every inch a soldier.

He immediately set about rendering the place as defensible as possible, and superintending the labours of his gallant band with unremitting vigilance, although he was obliged to be carried about in a litter, his wound not permitting him to use his foot. There was not a day on which he did not insist on being carried to the ramparts, for the purpose of personally inspecting the surrounding country; and when pressed upon closely by Akbar's savage hordes, these daring and hardy mountaineers were made to feel that it was a lion they had at bay, whom, though wounded, it was dangerous to provoke to combat.

We must not omit to mention that this gallant stand was made, notwithstanding an order from General Elphinstone to deliver up the place to the Affghan chief, with whom, it was stated, a treaty had been made, guaranteeing the safe conduct of the British into India. But Sale's sagacious mind saw the treachery which this document had been fraudulently procured to conceal, and he bravely as well as wisely determined, great as was the responsibility of such an act, to disobey it.

And it was not alone the severity of the season and the fury of the enemy against which he had to contend. Even the accidents of nature seemed to conspire against him. Scarcely was the rampart completed, which had cost him and his almost famished soldiers so many weeks of unremitting toil, and by which, at last, as it seemed to them, a certain degree of security was obtained, when, by a shock of an earthquake, it was levelled to the ground. But his fortitude rose sublime over even this great calamity, and again he and his men addressed themselves to their weary work, until their rude fortification was again such as to afford them some shelter from the enemy.

From the 12th of November, 1841, to the 7th of April, 1842, they continued thus straitly invested in this miserable place, except when the near approach of the enemy, or their unguarded position, gave some opportunity for a sortie, in which cattle were sometimes captured, which served to provision the little garrison, when they were reduced to the last extremity for want of food.

At length the approach of Pollock, with a relieving army, which had long been anxiously expected, seemed to indicate the very moment when the enemy might be successfully assailed. Akbar's attention was naturally drawn to the advance of British troops by the Khyber pass; and had he been permitted to molest them as he might have done, they must have been seriously embarrassed upon their march, if indeed (and which is doubtful) they could have forced a passage. But just at that critical moment, Sale and his gallant band turned out in order of battle, and utterly routed the besieging army, capturing their guns, ammunition, and camp.

This was, indeed, a crowning victory. Great was the joy for this almost unhopd-for deliverance. The British now, in their turn, became the assailants. Sale had the satisfaction of taking share in the battle of Teezeen, in which the enemy were finally defeated; and what must have been his delight to feel himself again restored to the society of his heroic wife, whose long captivity under Akbar must have cost him so many anxious thoughts, and whose noble bearing in adversity proved her a mate worthy of such a soldier.

The following we extract from the journal of her captivity. It describes her restoration to her gallant husband, after sufferings the most extreme, and a deliverance all but unhopd for:—

"We had proceeded but a short way on our journey, when a horseman arrived with a note, informing us that Sale was close at hand with a brigade. I had a fever hanging about me for some days, and being scarce able to sit on my horse, had taken my place in a kujava, the horrid motion of which had made me feel ten times worse than before I entered it. But the news renovated my strength. I shook off fever and all ills, and anxiously awaited his arrival, of which a cloud of dust was the forerunner." "It is impossible to express our feelings on Sale's approach. To my daughter and myself, happiness so long delayed as to be almost unexpected, was actually painful, and accompanied by a choking sensation, which could not obtain the relief of tears. When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them; and the men of the 13th pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter; and then my highly-wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long withheld tears now found their course. On arriving at the camp, Captain Backhouse fired a royal salute from his mountain-train guns; and not only our old tried friends, but all the officers in the party, came to offer congratulations, and welcome our return from captivity."

Sir Robert was now created a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath, and received the thanks of parliament, which never were better deserved, "for the skill, intrepidity, and perseverance, displayed in the military operations in Affghanistan."

In the month of December, 1843, although but a colonel in the service, by the Duke of Wellington's recommendation, he was honoured with the command of the 13th, or Prince Albert's Regiment of Light Infantry, he being the only officer of the same rank upon whom such a command had been conferred.

After a short visit to England, where he was received with an universal ac-

clamation, he returned to India; and when he fell in the late action on the Sutlej, had been fifty-one years in the service of his country. We trust that country, who mourns over him as one of her most worthy sons, will perpetuate his name by some undying memorial.

THE TWO GRAVES.

(Concluded.)

"It was a Monday, sir—a Monday, in the afternoon—and I wasn't to see Amy till the next Sunday. When I remembered that, I felt as if some one had clutched me by the throat—I couldn't breathe; and if I had been a boy instead of a man I should have thought that I was sobbing. So I sat down under one of the trees and took off my hat, that the wind might blow in my face, and that did me good; and, after a time, I began to think, and, somehow, from one thing to another, I got on till I verily believed that I had made a fortune for Amy. I saw her riding in her own coach; and then I felt so merry that I tried to sing, but I couldn't do that—I might as well have tried to pull up one of the old beeches by the roots. So, when I found it wouldn't do, I jumped up again and walked on to the village.

"I passed the wicket of my little garden, lifted the door latch, and went into the cottage. I kept telling myself that I ought to be very glad; but, somehow, when I found myself there alone, I felt just as I did the day that I came from my mother's funeral. I had ate nothing since breakfast, for Amy had been sent for just as she put our bit of bacon in the pot; and when I went I was in too great a hurry to follow her to think about my meal. When I got home the fire had gone out under the saucepan, and there was no cloth laid, though it was nearly suppertime; but I didn't heed those things then, I only remembered them afterwards. I threw myself into an old, high-backed wooden chair, that had been my father's, and sat there, thinking of nothing but quite lost, until the morning.

"The fresh air did me good when I went to my work, and I began to be angry at my own folly. It was hard enough, to be sure, to be parted from Amy, and to be left alone for the first time; but then it was for Amy's good, and I had promised to be a father to her; and all the while that pride was swelling at my heart, I kept telling myself that I had only done my duty, and that I mustn't be thinking of my own pleasure and convenience. I never shed a tear, sir, through it all; perhaps I should have got over it better if I had, for the women seem to get rid of a deal of grief through their eyes! But I hoarded up all my sorrow, and even hid it from my neighbours when they inquired into the truth, and told me that Amy's fortune was made and that she would be a lady. And so Sunday came at last, and it rained hard and the family didn't come to church; but the rain was nothing to me, and, when the parson had gone home, I started for the Hall.

"I thought Amy would have ate me up; but that hardly satisfied me. I shouldn't have known her again, for she had got lace on her frock, and a sash like Miss Emily's; and although I was proud to see her so fine, yet somehow she didn't seem to belong to me as she used to do. And I wasn't a minute alone with her. I was asked into the schoolroom, where the governess never left us, and called me *Mister Saunders*, and told me that I ought to pray for madam every night of my life, and suchlike, as if she could feel what I did. And Amy smiled and cried at the same time, and inquired after her poultry and the donkey that she used to gallop over the hills upon, till she was reminded that she must leave off thinking of such things, and think of her learning; and then she hung her head and kissed me over and over again but asked no more questions. This was bad enough, but when dinner came it was worse. I hadn't had time yet to forget that Amy was my sister; but she dined in the parlour with the squire and madam, and Miss Emily and the governess, as the rule was every Sunday, and I in the servants' hall. It wasn't for pride that I minded it, for the servants there were all ladies and gentlemen, and thought themselves very obliging to accept of my company; but I couldn't bear to be parted from Amy, nor to have her taught to look down upon me; and I really believe that I should have carried her back again that night to the cottage if she hadn't had on a parcel of fine clothes that didn't belong to her.

"Next thing, sir, I was asked up once a fortnight, and then once a month; but, for a time, Amy persisted in sitting by me at church on a Sunday, and reading out of the same book, and she used to wear her old bonnet and shawl that she had on when she left home, though I soon saw myself that they didn't look rational over muslin and silk frocks, for she had soon outgrown her own. At last, one Sunday, when I was dining at the Hall, madam sent for me to the big room, and told me that she was quite satisfied with my behaviour, and was sorry to say anything that might hurt me, but that if Amy was to be Miss Emily's friend, it wasn't becoming that she should leave the squire's pew, or wear the Sunday school dress that likened her to the rest of the village girls. I think I felt that saying more than all the rest, sir, for I had been glad to believe that we were equal there at least; and now I saw that I should be obliged to sit alone, and only see her a long way off, when I caught a sight of her bright young face between the crimson curtains of the pew. But there was no help for it, and so I promised Madam Darcourt that I would forbid her to come to me. And I did it—I did it, sir; but I don't know how I had the heart, for I began to see that they wanted to shake me off, and that it was only Amy's innocent love that prevented it. However, I never saw the Sunday school bonnet again, and we never more sat side by side upon that narrow bench.

"Well, sir, they grew up, those two beautiful young girls; but Amy was the handsomest of the two and the cleverest, for Miss Emily wasn't fond of learning and was a spoiled child, while the poor cottager's daughter gave all her mind to her books, and, not content with learning what they bid her, learned a power of other things that they never meant her to know. And she had such an air, sir! Many times I've put my hand to my hat to pull it off when she spoke to me, if she hadn't hindered it with a smile and a kiss. And so as I found she was getting beyond me, and would never be fit for the cottage again, I began to think that I got on badly enough with the old woman that looked after me, and that I'd better search about for a wife. There were plenty of girls in the village, and good girls too; but Amy had spoiled me, so I was in no hurry to make up my mind, for I wouldn't give her a sister that she might be ashamed of, and I was too poor to look for anything grand. However, I kept my eyes about me; and just then the young squire came home, after what he called the dissolution. I shall never forget him at church the next Sunday; how polite he was, looking out the places in the prayer-book, and putting on her shawl when they were going home. All the village was up in arms; but I didn't like it—it didn't seem to me to be natural. And then Amy wished me good-by at the porch, and got into the coach with madam, and Miss Emily, and the governess to go home, altogether it didn't seem to me to be right, and I began to be uneasy about her. But Master Richard was soon off again, and I forgot all about it, till the old squire was taken ill and had two physicians from the county town. But all wouldn't do, and at the end of four months he died.

"That was the first time the vault had been opened since I took up my father's trade, and I needn't tell you, sir, how heavy my heart was when I set about it. It seemed to me to be only the beginning of evil, and so it was; for madam began to pine when he was gone, and the young squire, who had come down for the funeral with the lawyers and such like, wouldn't leave her, but stayed on for a whole year at the Hall; and at the end of it he buried her. Then Miss Emily refused to leave the place; and so he came and went between London and the Hall, that was now his own, and a few months afterwards the house was full. The governess stayed on as housekeeper, and Miss Emily and Amy loved one another more than ever.

"Before very long news came to the village that Miss Emily was about to be married; and then my heart was full, for I didn't know what would become of my sister. Madam had left her five hundred pounds in her will, and she was a match for the best farmer in the country. But I began to be afraid that she'd never settle to work after the life she'd led and the learning she'd got; and so I took upon myself one day when, for a wonder, we were left alone, to talk to her about these matters. I could make nothing of it, however; she only blushed and smiled, and told me to keep myself easy, for she'd been luckier than she deserved, and that she'd tell me all, only that she mustn't until after Miss Emily's marriage. I thought this hard; I felt as though she oughtn't to have a secret from her only brother, and one who had brought her up from a baby. But she had a way with her that always upset me; and so I kissed her and told her that she knew best, as, of course she must, and tried to think that all would come right in time.

"I shall never forget Miss Emily's marriage, sir. The squire was like one beside himself. Gold flew about on all sides, as had never been seen before in Thornhollow; and we were all glad of it for the parson's sake, for he wanted it bad enough. There was a fair on the common, and a dinner for all the village in the park. But the grandest sight was the wedding. Two of the bridegroom's sisters had come over, and there were they and Amy all dressed alike, like princesses, and Miss Emily, like a queen as she was, and a great lady as she was going to be. But I thought that Amy looked very pale, and sad, and ill; and once or twice I caught her eye turned upon me, as if to see whether I was watching her; and when our eyes met she smiled, but it wasn't a smile of joy, and it made my heart ache.

"I went up to dine at the Hall, but I didn't see Amy. Miss Emily was to start at six o'clock in the evening, in a carriage-and-four, with her new husband and Amy had promised not to leave until the governess was ready to follow; but, for all that, I was startled to hear from the lady's-maid that she hadn't made any preparation for a move. I couldn't understand it; and I laid awake all night, tired as I was, thinking over what she was going to do. I heard it soon enough.

"A fortnight afterwards I had a message from the Hall, and in five minutes I was on the road there. Instead of taking me to the housekeeper's room, as they'd done since the young squire had been master there, I was walked up to the breakfast parlour, and there I found Amy."

The old man paused and gasped for breath, then glanced towards the little northern grave, shook his head mournfully and continued,—

"She wasn't dressed out in her silks, sir, but in a sort of white wrapping-gown; and I saw the minute I looked at her what I ought to have discovered long before. My head failed, I reeled, and hung on to a chair for support.

"I'm an old man, sir; but if I was to live for another century I should never forget that day, nor the night that followed it. Amy sprang across the floor and threw herself on her knees before me: but I had no mercy. It was more than I could bear. She had been my first thought in the morning and my last at night; my heart was bound up in her. I'd watched over her when she was an infant in the cradle, cherished her when she'd no other parent, given up every thing for her when I needed her sorely in my own poor home, and all because I loved her better than myself, and wanted to make her happy, come what might of all else. And now my heart was wrung asunder, and my pride flew into my face and hissed in my ears; and the months and years of loneliness that I'd passed in my thatched and whitewashed cottage came back upon me as if they mocked my folly. And as she still knelt there—for I hadn't stretched out a finger to lift her up, though she seemed to be sinking into the dust—as she knelt there, I thought of the young wife who was to come to my home as soon as I knew that she was happy and settled, as she had told me she should soon be: the virtuous girl that had heard me boast so often of my sister Amy that she almost trembled when she thought of seeing her. And when I remembered that I shouldn't dare to look her in the face again, with such a shame as this come upon me, as she knelt there, sir, I could have driven her from me with a blow. She had thought so little of me, when I had been thinking of little else but her! I only waited till I had got my legs again, and that I knew I shouldn't stagger and fall before I got clear of that accursed roof; and then giving her one long look that reproached her more than all I could have said, I wrenched my knees from her grasp and turned to leave her.

"Oh, sir, a death-groan is very horrible; but it's music to the wild shriek that she gave as she started from the floor, and with white and shaking lips, and eyes that seemed as if they were burning in their sockets, thrust her hand into her bosom and pulled out a paper that she held before my eyes. But my time wasn't come; and telling her that I hadn't learning like her to mend a sin and to wipe away a shame with a bit of writing, I flung from the room."

The old man paused; the sweat was trickling down his forehead, and his chest heaved with emotion. It was terrible to see such vividness of feeling outlive the wasted frame within which it laboured; but he soon rallied.

"Well, sir," he pursued, after a time, "the poor thing wrote to me a number of times; but the very look of her letters, that seemed as if they were only fit for gentlefolks to read, angered me, and I wouldn't open one of 'em. She hoped on for all that, poor lamb! And so she came to live in the village; not upon the money that madam had left her—no, no! if she had done that I shouldn't have forgiven her to my last day, long as I might have lived—but upon what she earned with her needle, working birds and flowers upon bits of satin, that they sent to London for her to be sold. And she was at it late and early, as they told me, till her hour was near; and then she hadn't strength, but used to sit all day at her window, where she could see my wicket, and watch me as I went in and out to my work. I don't know which was worst off in those days, for I had broke with my sweetheart, for all she promised that my sister's shame should never alter her love for me, and I well knew that she'd keep her word; but though her mother said the same, she didn't say it in the same tone, and I saw she was pleased to have it over; and, disgraced as I was, I had my pride still, and stood firm. So I was glad when Mary took service in the market-town, and went away.

Well, sir, the time came, and Amy had a son; but she never looked up again, and in three months she died. They came to tell me just at dusk, when I had come home from work, worn out body and soul, and I hadn't even strength

to be thankful. The next day the baby was gone too, and then I felt happier than I had been for a long while. It had been a poor sickly infant from its birth, for the mother had fretted, and they'd pined away together. I put on my hat and turned into the churchyard. I walked first to those two graves yonder, and pulled out a weed or two that had come with the last rains; and then I looked carefully about me. I didn't search long for what I wanted; and when I got to that corner where she lies, I paced the ground carefully, as close to the wall as I could with safety, till I found in how little space I could bury her; and then, when the day of her funeral came, I got up at daybreak and began my task. Nobody came near me; they knew that I couldn't bear it then. And so I worked on alone, with the drizzling rain mixing with the cold sweat upon my forehead and chest, till I had dug a grave of ten foot deep. I wanted to bury her shame in the very bowels of the earth. Hers is the deepest grave in the whole churchyard except his. And, squire, as he was," pursued the old man, with another of those savage smiles which formed so frightful a contrast with his usually placid expression, "I had my way there, too, when he came here in his turn.

"The people she had lived with followed her funeral, and I stood a good way off and looked on (for I had got a friend to do my duty for me,) till the crowd left the churchyard; and then he followed 'em as I'd asked him, and I was left alone beside her grave. I could see the coffin plainly, for they'd only thrown a couple of spits of soil upon it. It was a pauper's coffin, sir, without a name or a date, but with the pauper brand instead, for she would have it so, and I hadn't cared to interfere. But now, when I looked down at it, I thought my very heart would break. There was only that coarse plank between me and the thin, pale girl that lay there with her baby in her arms, and I couldn't bear to lose sight of it; so I sat beside her till near sunset, thinking of all that was past, and how things had come to this after all my hopes and prayers. But at last I took up my spade, and an hour before nightfall I had filled in the grave, and buried my own heart with her.

"Don't fancy that I fretted though it was so. I loved her dearly, even when I wouldn't see her in her agony nor on her deathbed; but she'd deceived and disgraced me, and I felt as if I'd buried the little Amy who'd grown up beside me till she found a prouder home; and that the Miss Saunders—for they called her so, sir, through the whole country side to the very day of her death—that the Miss Saunders, who'd gone wrong, and been the shame of the village where she was born, and where her parents lay buried, was living yet to blight an honest name, and cheat a true heart that had trusted to her. So, sir, when, on going home, I found that she'd left another thick letter for me, I put it away with the rest in a box where I had locked up my poor mother's wedding-ring, meaning to give it to Amy when she should marry in her turn; and I tried to forget that I had ever had a sister. But it wouldn't do; and though I got over the first two years, and used to feel glad when I looked towards her grave and saw that it couldn't be seen for the nettles that had grown up about it, I gave way at last. And so, one Sabbath evening, when I was sitting in my desolate cottage, I could contain myself no longer, but going to the little box, I brought it to the table, and pulling the candle closer, I read all the letters, leaving the thick one to the last. I never knew what torture was after that night, sir; all that I'd gone through before was nothing. Every one of 'em had been written with her heart's blood! And how she loved me, and how she prayed that she might die in my arms, that she might feel sure of pardon in the next world! But all this was nothing yet. I had read through all but one, for I spent the whole night over 'em, and read some of 'em two or three times over—they especially that made me feel what a wicked, unnatural wretch I'd been to her, and how I'd sinned against my mother's solemn bidding; and then, when all the rest laid open before me, I began upon the last. That was the real blow, sir! Out fell a marriage-certificate that would have cheated me, though I'd seen so many of 'em, all signed and dated, and the names of Richard Darcourt and Amy Saunders fairly written out. I thought my heart would have burst for joy, and I was obliged to lay it down to take a drink of water; but I wasn't long before I took it up again, and after I'd satisfied myself that I wasn't out of my senses, I picked up another letter that had dropped out along with it. I hadn't seen the writing before; and no wonder, for it was a letter from Mr. Darcourt to tell her that their wedding had been a sham, and that parson and clerk were both friends of his that had joined him in the frolic—yes, sir, that was the word—the frolic that was to break a poor girl's heart, and to turn her only relation into a savage. But even this wasn't all: no, no—there was more to come yet. He went on to tell her that when he warned her to keep the secret till his sister's grand husband was out of the country, as he would surely take offence and she would bring trouble into the family, and not even to tell me for fear I should make it known, and to let the governess go before a word was said; she might have been sure that he meant her no good, and as she'd only herself and her silly pride to blame, and not him, who couldn't be expected to marry a girl whose father and brother had made their living by digging graves, but that he'd advise her to make the best of it and turn her learning to account; and he hoped she'd leave the village, which couldn't be pleasant to neither of them, for he was going to London to be married in earnest, and should soon bring his wife down to the Hall."

The old man's voice had sunk almost into a whisper before it ceased; but, after the silence of a moment, he clasped his hands convulsively together, and looking up eagerly in my face, gasped out,—

"Amy was innocent, wasn't she, sir?"

"As innocent as an angel!" I replied solemnly, as I lifted my hat, in order to give force to my words.

One long sob of happiness gushed from the lips of the old man as he buried his face in his hands for an instant. "She was! she was!" he murmured beneath his breath. "The parson said so when he read the letters; and all the village said so, when he went round to their cottagers and told 'em how happy they must be that had never insulted her in her sorrow. And now you, sir—you, a stranger, and, belike, as great a man as Squire Darcourt himself—you say so too; and I feel as if my old heart had grown young again on purpose to bless you!"

"But tell me, my good friend," I said, anxious to check this exultation, so dangerous to a man of his age, "what said Amy herself in that last letter?"

"Not a word, sir," replied the sexton, hoarsely, as his head again dropped under the weight of his remorseful memories; "not a word! What could she say, lamb, that she hadn't said in all the rest! Do you know what I did when the first ray of light came through my window? I ran like a madman to her grave and tore up the nettles by the roots, as I would have torn her pure body from the spot where I myself had laid it to carry it to the feet of our parents, that she might sleep near 'em as she should have done, had I dared to commit such a fearful sin as to disturb the dead. And then I began to dream of vengeance; the big house and the proud squire didn't frighten me at such a time as that; and I can't say into what wickedness I should have fell if the tempta-

tion hadn't been spared me. We were all expecting the squire and his London wife, and no one watched for 'em as I did, when instead of a marriage-feast we soon had a funeral sermon. He reaped what he had sowed, sir. When he got to London the lady quarrelled with him about some matter or another. I don't rightly know what, for I didn't hear; but I've often thought that mayhap she'd heard of my poor Amy: and so the wedding was at an end. And the squire, as I've told you before, was proud and passionate, and he hadn't patience to bear with such a disappointment as this. And so he flew into a rage and said uncivil things, and got turned out of the house. Upon which he started from London with four horses to his coach, and a couple of young sparks as hot-headed as he was; and a frightful life they led on the road all the way to the Hall, if his own man's to be believed, drinking and swearing, and kicking up rows in all the places where they stopped to change horses, till, within two posts of Thornhollow, there's the squire three parts drunk, who swears he'll mount the leaders and take 'em into the Hall himself; when, just as he comes to the Witch's Punch-Bowl, the horse he's on shies, and as he wasn't steady enough to keep his seat, off he pitched over his head, and one of the wheels went over his body. They picked him up quick enough, as you may believe, but he was quite stunned; and when he came to himself he insisted on coming on here, that he might have his spree out, as he said. And so he had, sir—so he had; for the wine and brandy that he'd drank had fevered his blood, and what with that and his hurt, and the jolting over the roads after his fall, it flew to his head, and he was mad four hours after. Then he began such talk as it was awful to hear, and to call for Amy, and, after a time, for me. They couldn't bring Amy to his bed, for she was lying in that he'd prepared for her himself; but they sent for me, and I was glad of it. My work was done to my hands, and I wanted to see the end of him. I've told you how he died, sir; and then came the funeral. And when the vault was opened, the parson wanted to lay him between his father and mother, where there was just room for him. But I settled that business with my pick-axe; and though I worked like an ox I didn't grudge my labour, for I hampered up the space till the coffin couldn't be forced in," said the old man, with another of his wild smiles; "and so they were obliged to lay him at their feet where he ought to be, only that the place was too good for him."

We were both silent for a few moments: and then the old man said, with a serenity which only extreme age can so suddenly restore,—“May I make bold to ask, sir, what's o'clock?”

“Half-past four, my friend.”

“You don't say so? and my work little more than half done! Good a'ter-noon to you, sir.”

ON THE ARTILLERY OF THE ANCIENTS.

BY G. F. HERMAN

Every branch of the military art of the ancients, the tactics and composition of their troops, their different orders of battle, their arms, machines, castramentation and siege operations, demonstrate this great truth; that the development of the human mind is, under similar circumstances, identically the same—that to the same dangers it constantly opposes the same remedies as far as the means at its disposition will permit. This reflection invariably presents itself to the mind on perusing the histories of the great Captains of antiquity. The twenty or thirty centuries which have elapsed since they appeared on the theatre of events, have produced no changes in the great principles of strategy on which all military operations are based; their application and their forms are still the same. We readily admit that the change which the discovery of gunpowder has produced on the tactics and armament of troops, their composition, the progress of science, and more than all, the spirit of modern legislation, has singularly modified the details of execution; but if we do not always discover identity of means, we constantly perceive a unity of principle and analogy of results. All the greatest Generals of modern times have, therefore, deeply studied the wars of the ancients. It was in constituting themselves the disciples of Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, and Annibal, that Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Montecuculi, Frederick, and Napoleon became in their turn, the favourites of fortune; and hence the profound observation of the great Conde to his officers—“Messieurs, si Cæsar et Scipion pouvaient revenir, ils battraient tous les Généraux de Louis XIV.”

Although the ancients were unacquainted with that terrible agent, which has produced a revolution in the art of war, and in the history of mankind, their poliorcetic, or siege operations, display a profound knowledge of military pyrotechny. The pyrobastic art of the great nations of antiquity, to the professional reader forms, therefore, an interesting subject of study; whether we consider the devastating effects of the chemical agents composing the projectiles employed, or the still more extraordinary mechanical power by which they were propelled.

The number and variety of the incendiary projectiles employed by the ancients were prodigious, the principal ingredients of which, were sulphur, rosin, petroleum, and other kinds of bitumens. Among these missiles, there were two which merit a particular description—viz.: the malleolus and the phalarica. The former term was applied to a large dart, which carried attached to the middle of the shaft, an iron cage of an elliptical shape. The interior of the cage, which imparted to the weapon the appearance of a distaff, was filled with tow, steeped in sulphur and bitumen; this was ignited and the dart projected from a bow at a reduced velocity, as a too great rapidity of trajectory would have extinguished the flame. Petroleum was the variety of bitumen employed in the composition of the malleolus, because water instead of extinguishing its flame, rendered on the contrary the action of its combustion still more intense.

The phalarica was also a large dart or javelin. The entire length of the shaft was enveloped by an incendiary composition, and armed with an iron point three feet long. Livy, in his relation of the siege of Saguntum, has left us a curious description of this weapon. Such was its momentum, that it transpierced at once the armour and the body, but if it only transfixed the shield, the burning composition by which it was surrounded, from the intensity of its action, soon obliged the panic-struck soldier to throw away his arms, and to expose himself thus defenceless to the further fire of the enemy. “Sed ed maxime etiam si hasisset in scuto, nec penetrasset in corpore, pavorem faciebat, quod quum medium accensum mitteretur, conceptumque ipso motu multo majorem ignem ferret, arma omitti cogeant, nudumque militem ad insequentes ictus præbebat.”—Liv., lib. 21—8.

This weapon was, therefore, doubly dangerous, since it not only committed dreadful havoc in the ranks of the troops, the cavalry in particular, but it set on fire houses, machines, and fortified works, especially when constructed of wood. The phalarica, therefore, was the Congreve rocket of the ancients. They were of different calibres; the smallest was projected from a simple bow, the largest

from a catapulta or balista. Their employment was not confined to siege operations, for according to Silius Italicus, they were used at the battle of Cannæ.

The slings used in the armies of antiquity are too well known to need a description; if we venture to allude to them here, it is merely to direct the attention of our readers to their range and effect, were it only to rectify the somewhat exaggerated ideas that are formed of the superiority of our arms over those of the ancients.

There were slings of three different calibres; with the largest, a stone weighing a pound and upwards, was projected. Each slinger was provided with one of each, which he used according to circumstances. At a range of 200 yards, according to Vegetius, they perforated the best proof-helmet or cuirass, and mortally wounded the wearer. From the smaller slings they threw leaden balls of an oval form, which the Romans, in consequence, termed “glandes.” These were, however, of very ancient invention; during the retreat of the Ten Thousand, Xenophon remarks, that “the range of the Rhodian slingers was double that of the Persians, because the latter used stones.”

From almost incontrovertible authority, we know that the penetrating power of these balls was equal to those of the modern firelock. Of the accuracy of their fire, history has left us some astonishing examples. Livy tells us that the Achaian slingers who served in the Roman Army could, at a considerable distance, strike any part of the human body they wished. When employed en masse, the effect of their concentrated and rapid fire on the dense formations of the ancients may be easily imagined.

Sometimes fire-pots filled with bitumen, rosin, &c., and darts of a peculiar shape, which the Romans called after their Greek name “Cestrosphendones,” were thrown from a sling. These arrows were projected from a sling of a peculiar construction, and which imparted to them a great velocity. In their war with Perseus, King of Macedon, the Romans saw for the first time these projectiles and suffered considerably from them.

The range of an ordinary bow was upwards of 300 yards, but there were others of larger dimensions used for projecting arrows of a very large size, which were styled “arcubalistæ, toxobalistæ, and manubalistæ.” They were mounted on a trestle, and bent by means of a catch wheel; one man was sufficient for each. Xenophon relates that the Carduchians had bows three cubits long, and which discharged arrows with such a velocity that they transixed both horse and man.

But the Romans, who loved to engage an enemy hand to hand, always looked upon the sling and the bow with marked disdain. Thus there were neither slingers nor archers in the Legion. This service was abandoned to the auxiliaries or mercenaries, who, in the best days of the Roman armies, were never in great numbers. It was in the Eastern wars, when the military spirit of the empire had degenerated, that the numerical proportion of archers was so augmented.

Under the general denomination of tormenta, was comprehended every variety of missile machine. The term catapulta was more particularly applied to those destined to throw large darts (pila muralia), phalaricæ, &c.; that of balista to the machines which threw stones, iron balls, large blocks of wood, &c., but both by ancients and moderns these two terms have been often confounded. Stones were sometimes thrown from the catapulta, which was then called “Petrobolica.” The balistæ were classed by the weight they could throw, much in the same way as we designate the calibre of our guns. Thus we find, balistæ centenariæ, ducentariæ, and even quatuor centenariæ, (four hundred pounders); and if we may believe some writers, there were some that could throw a weight of 800 lbs! In fact, we are surprised when we read of the vast mechanical powers of the ancient artillery; and Polybius tells us, that the balistæ threw stones of 2 to 12 cwt., a distance of 800 yards.

The ordinary range, however, of these arms was two to three stadii (400 to 600 yards), and their extreme range 800 to 1000. Thus, when the ancients laid siege to a place, they never established their camp beyond this distance from its walls.

But, besides the projectiles we have enumerated, they threw with the balistæ, fire-pots and red-hot shot. In a letter, in which the Emperor Aurelian gives an account of the siege of Palmyra, he says that the ramparts of the city were defended by a double and triple line of balistæ, which threw incendiary projectiles. “Nulla pars muri est quæ non binis et ternis balistis occupata sit, ignes etiam tormentis jaciuntur.” At the siege of Athens Sylla had batteries of heavy balistæ, which threw as many as twenty leaden balls at a time, and with which he beat down some of the largest edifices of the place.

Thus, the balistæ and the catapultæ were the artillery of the ancients, and what renders the comparison still more just is, that they were of three kinds, siege, garrison and field balistæ; the latter were styled carobalistæ, they were mounted on wheels and drawn by mules or horses. The proportion of these machines to the number of troops, was in the time of Vegetius, one per century, or fifty-five to the Legion. Eleven men were required to each carobalista, about the complement of a modern field-piece.

According to Ammian the momentum of the arrows discharged from these machines was so great that they frequently transixed two men at a time. The historian Josephus relates some curious anecdotes of the execution done by the balistæ and catapultæ, of which he was himself an eye-witness. The head of a man, he says, struck off by a stone from a balista, was carried to a distance of six hundred yards. And he adds that one of these stones would mow down the whole file of a phalanx, however deep its formation.

The accuracy of their fire was not less remarkable. While Chapour II. was laying siege to Amida, a young Persian prince having imprudently presented himself before the place, an artilleryman on the walls discharged from a machine a large arrow, which killed him on the spot.

A similar fact is recorded by Zosimus. During the siege of Palmyra the Emperor Aurelian frequently visited the trenches, for the purpose of reconnoitring the works of the place. On these occasions he was constantly exposed to a battery of fierce invective and bitter sarcasm from the inhabitants assembled on the ramparts. One man in particular was remarkable for the assiduity of his insults. A Persian archer at last offered to rid the Emperor of this foudroying Palmyrene. Aurelian consented, and immediately saw him fall, a stiffened corpse, into the ditch.

From Procopius we will quote a third and last example. The Goths, under their King, Vitiges, had invested Rome. One of their principal officers, in complete armour, was leaning against a tree opposite to the Salarian Gate, and amusing himself with picking off the people on the walls. A soldier who was working a catapulta hit him in the breast with an arrow, and nailed him to the tree, where he expired, in sight of both armies. Vitiges, in consequence, withdrew his posts to a considerable distance.

There were in the Roman armies portable balistæ, which were employed for destroying the enemy's masses in the same way that artillery is used at the present day. Tacitus has left us a relation of one of these machines, in an action fought in the neighbourhood of Cremona, between Vespasian and Vitellius:—

"Magnitudine eximia quintadecimæ legionis balista, ingentibus saxis hostilem aciem prœuebat." In the time of Vegetius these field balistæ were styled *onagra*. Mention is often made by ancient authors of machines denominated *scorpions*, and this term is sometimes applied to engines throwing stones, and at others to portable machines for propelling darts. Hirtius and Cæsar thus name a *catapulta*, with which they threw very large darts. According to Vegetius, the *scorpion* was the same thing as the *manubalista*. Ammian, on the contrary, pretends that the ancients thus designated a machine known in his time by the name of *onagra*, which was used for throwing stones. Livy, in his enumeration of the machines which fell into the hands of the Romans at the capture of Carthage, ranks *scorpions* under the same category as *balistæ* and *catapultæ*; and what merits observation, he adds that there were two kinds, large and small—"Scorpionum maiorum minorumque."

Seneca positively asserts that the *scorpion* threw darts like the *balistæ*; perhaps the name was given alike to the machine and the weapons it discharged. We may, therefore, conclude that the term *scorpion* was at different periods applied to arms and machines which differed not only in size, but in the species of projectile they discharged. As to the origin of the name, it was most probably derived from the poisoned arrows which were first shot from these arms. Isidorus positively asserts this fact—"Scorpio est sagitta venenata arcu vel tormentis excussa, qua dum ad hominem veneret, qua figet infundet unde et scorpio nomen accepit."

The relations which the ancient historians have left us of the great number of machines composing the *material* of the artillery of the fortresses and armies of antiquity, fill us with astonishment. When Scipio captured Carthage, he found in the place 120 *catapultæ* of the largest, 281 of a smaller calibre, and 75 *balistæ*. At the commencement of the third Punic War, the Carthaginians delivered up to the Roman Consul 200,000 complete suits of armour, an immense quantity of arms of every description, and 2000 machines for throwing darts and stones. At the siege of Jerusalem, Josephus tells us, the Romans had 300 *catapultæ*, of different calibres, and 40 *balistæ*, the smallest of which threw stones weighing 100 pounds. Lucan has left us a fine description of the terrific execution of the *balista* :—

"At Saxum quoties ingenti verberis ictu
Excutitur, qualis rupe quam vertici montis
Abscidit impulsu ventosum ad iuta vetustas;
Frangit cuncta ruens, nec tantum corpora pressa
Examinat totos cum sanguine dissipat artus."

In their siege operations for breaching the walls of a fortress, the ancients employed the battering-ram, which was of three kinds :

The first was plain and artificial, being nothing but a long beam with an iron head, driven by main force by the soldiers against the wall.

The second was suspended by ropes to another beam, by the help of which it was impelled with much greater force.

The third was much more complicated in its construction; it was mounted on a succession of small wheels, which travelled on a groove, something similar to the modern rail, and was worked by the combined power of mechanical and animal force.

The ram employed by Vespasian at the siege of Jerusalem had a brazen head, which equalled in size 10 men, and was armed with 25 horns, each the size of a man's body; its weight was upwards of 1500 talents. When taken to pieces, it required 150 pair of oxen or 300 pair of mules to transport it. It was worked by 1500 men.

The momentum or moving power of a body is estimated by its weight multiplied by its velocity; thus the momentum of a small body, the velocity of which is very great, may equal that of a larger body moving with a reduced velocity. Hence the superiority of modern artillery over that of the ancients. Of the momentum or moving power of the ram we can form no very correct estimate, since we are ignorant of the velocity with which it was impelled, but taking the ram employed by Vespasian as an example, the weight of which was 1500 talents, or 150,000 lbs., and supposing its velocity to have been only two feet per second, it gives a moving power to the machine of 300,000 lbs., rather more than the aggregate momentum of twelve 24 pounders, with a velocity of 1000 feet per second.

Notwithstanding the prodigious force of this machine, Josephus relates that such was the solidity and thickness of the walls, that it required one night's incessant battering to remove only four stones.

Appian relates that Mark Antony, in the Parthian war, employed a ram 80 feet long, which required 6000 men to work it; and Vitruvius has left us the description of another, which weighed 4000 talents, or 480,000 lbs. To protect the men working them, these machines were covered by a pent-house or tower; hence their name "*testudo arietaria*." By far the most celebrated of the moving towers was that constructed by Demetrius Poliorcetes, at the siege of Rhodes. Demetrius was the Vauban of the ancient world, and had justly earned the surname of Poliorcetes. Vitruvius has left us a description of his famous Helepolis. The base of the tower was square, each side 75 feet long. The machine itself was an assembly of large square beams rivetted together with iron, the whole mass resting on wheels, in proportion to the weight of the superstructure. The felloes of the wheels were three feet thick, and strengthened with iron plates. From each of the four angles a large pillar of wood was carried up to the height of 150 feet, inclining towards each other. The tower had three stories, communicating with each other by two staircases; their dimensions gradually receded in the ascent. Three sides of the machine were plated over with iron, to guard against fire. In front of each story there were loopholes, which were covered by a thick leather curtain, to keep off the enemy's missiles. Each story was provided with *catapultæ* and *balistæ* of different calibres. On two of its sides the tower was supported and fortified by four smaller machines, each of which had a covered gallery, to protect the people either entering or leaving the helepolis. On the other two sides was a battering ram, of prodigious size, 30 fathoms long, armed with an iron prow, like the beak of a galley. This ponderous tower was moved forward by 3500 men.

The attack of Rhodes by Demetrius, and the defence of Syracuse by Archimedes, are two splendid specimens of the siege operations of the ancients. The great superiority of our modern artillery over that of the ancients is its greater sphere of action and power of concentration. Thus a modern breaching battery is established at several hundred yards from the *corps de place*, while the ram of the ancients was obliged to be pushed forward to the foot of the wall. Nevertheless, the destructive power of modern artillery, derived from the explosive force of three chemical agents, was the result of a fortuitous accident; while the military engines of the Greeks and Romans exhibit an acquaintance with the construction of compound mechanical power, which the moderns have never yet approached.

But even in the pyrotechnic art the ancients had attained very high results.

The fall of the Lower Empire was averted for nearly eight centuries by a new and fortunate discovery which chemistry accidentally opened to the Greeks, at a time when there was neither courage, patriotism, nor talent to repel the formidable enemies by which it was assailed. An inhabitant of Heliopolis, in Syria, named Callinicus, discovered a composition of naphtha, pitch, and sulphur, which, once set on fire, could not be extinguished by water, and consumed with equal facility a single ship or a whole fleet, and, when thrown on the combatants, insinuated itself between the joints of their armour, and destroyed them by a death of torture. The secret was preserved till the middle of the fourteenth century. Its qualities are very imperfectly known to us; by the Crusaders it was called *le feu grégeois*, and by the Greeks marine fire. The prows of vessels and the ramparts of towns were furnished with tubes, by means of which this blazing oil was thrown to a great distance. A piston discharged it with great velocity into the air, on coming in contact with which it became ignited by some process unknown to us. The devoted victims saw it approaching in the form of a fiery serpent, till at last it fell in a burning shower on vessels and men. An hour's fight would cover the sea with this flaming oil, and impart to it the appearance of a sheet of fire. The enemy's fleets were repeatedly destroyed by it. On its first trial at Cyzicus on the Propontis, it totally destroyed a Saracen fleet and 30,000 men. Preserved as a state secret during many centuries, it perished in the destruction of the Lower Empire. In the reign of Louis XIV. a Frenchman, named Dupre, re-discovered the Greek fire, or at least some preparation analogous to it. The secret purchased by the monarch was not, however, suppressed by him, as has been generally represented; on the contrary, every document connected with it was in the possession of Napoleon, and from its non-application by him to the operations of the field, we may infer that he considered its tactical effects inferior to those of gunpowder.

MORE ROGUES IN OUTLINE.

THE SICK ANTIQUARY.

Three years are passed since we last visited Herr Ascherson, and we once more find ourselves, with considerably improved tact and knowledge, both as to virtuosity and virtue, ringing at the well-known bell! On the door being unbarred to us, we are sorry to hear that he is now a great invalid, and confined to bed. "I hope we don't disturb you, Mr. Ascherson," said we, as a half-witted slattern of fifty opened the door of the sick man's room, and discovered to us something alarmingly like Cheops redivivus, reclining on a Codrus-looking couch, which was too short to receive his whole body save diagonally, in which position he accordingly lay. Upon hearing these words, the much-swathed object suddenly draws itself up in bed; and after looking keenly to make us out in the dusk (as if he suspected a visit of cajoling rather than condolence), his eye lost its anxious look, and his features gradually expanded, when he saw at a glance that we were come, not to cheat, but to cheer him. The first words he uttered were—"Ja, ja; dat is mein nobil freund the Doctor;" and then, falling back, he resigned himself to his pains, like a man who has been long trained to suffer. We ask after his health. The poor invalid shakes his head, and tells us, groaning, that he was "sehr krank, very ill indeed; had much dolors, but no slipp;" apologising also for having sent for some 10 pi. which we owed him, and which "it was need," so he told us, "to pay his medicine mit." Really concerned to see one whom we had so recently known under worldly circumstances so unlike the present, so suffering, so poor, and so solitary, we told him that we had been intending to call on him that very day for that very purpose—observing, by way of consoling his feelings, that it was not to be expected "that a man who had laid out so much money of the present currency to procure fine specimens of one that was out of date, could be quite so well off in ready cash as those whose money was all in hard coin at their bankers." "Ja, ja," it was even so; and then, his pains remitting for a moment, he proceeded to explain, for our satisfaction, how he had become so short of the needful supplies. "Tis three monate seyne meine freund Vinhler went to Paris—(an honest and heart-good man, Mr. Vinhler)—to whom this commission I consign:—'See you give a careful eye-blink to this 9000 ducats, which you must take mit you to Paris. There in the house of Furet you shall become some moneys, which you shall send to me directly; and mit these ducats you shall also pay their consignment.' Well, it was a simple direct, als any childer might do. So Vinhler takes my money, gets to Paris, calls and pays Mr. Furet, and writes that he will be back in Neapoli in a week. So I stay! Drei monate I stay, and no Mr. Vinhler come! Then lastly, when I hav begin to scold myself, two days seyne, comes eine briefe, and says, 'I hav been stopt here for three weeks by what I then foresaw not when I did write you lastly. I am promised to marry Herr Furet's daughter, and we mak the marriage in eine monate. I am sorry for the delay about your monete, but shall bring them mit Mrs. Vinhler and myself to Neapoli, when we arrive!' So, while he is happy mit his Julia in Paris, I cannot become my Julius that I hav bought; and I hav lost much by this man's delay. Ah! (continued he), whenever he had felt mein dolors" (the poor man had now wrought himself up into a painful excitement), "my no slipp, this unendlich irritation, this torment to pay the Doctor, for no gute—my loss of practice, my loss of friends, my physique so bad, mein eine samkeit so dull—he should surely have sent me that cassetta of coins to make me a little more gay." Being obliged to quit Naples suddenly, we left him in the midst of his pains, which had been wholly unrelieved by our medication; fretting more and more daily at the non-arrival of his friend; with nobody to visit him but the needy Leech, who, having asked himself—

"And will my patient pay?

And can he swallow draughts until his dying day?"

thinks no further self-interrogatory needful; with none to inquire after him, save only the peasants, whose findings he is too ill to look at, and too poor to purchase; and Death's grim auctioneer, who undertakes for the district; and who, when he has made the daily inquiry at his door, not to lose further time, begins to ply his small hammer, and is tap-tap-tapping away for somebody else till wanted. Oh! who would change places with a sick antiquary, whose conscience, though he sleeps, is awake to torment him, and whose dreams, if he dream, are of rifled tombs, profaned temples, Charon and his boat!

"Nocte, brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem,
Et toto versato toro jam membra quiescunt,
Continuo templum et violati numinis aras,
Et quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget,
Se vidit in somnis!"

OLD IGNAZIO.

What quondam collector at Rome but must recollect that snuffy and gruffy old fellow, Ignazio Vesconali, who lives at the bottom of *Scalirata*, and has grown old with the Piazza itself! Go down at any hour of the day, and there he was sure to be, either blinking away through his blue goggle glasses, with

his cap on, at his door, or at a little shabby table fumbling over curiosities; or creeping over to the coffee-house opposite, to toddle back again, his snuff-box and his key in hand, to re-arrange his treasures, and utter lamentations that nobody any longer comes to buy. On such occasions we have sometimes entered; and after a "buongiorno," and a remark on the weather (which if you abused it, however injuriously, always secured you his assent; for he quarrels now even with the calendar), he expected you to hope he had sold something lately, to afford him an opportunity to say, "Ma che, ma uiente;" and then you had to sit and listen while he told you all his grievances—how once "a dozen English noblemen had stood all of a row there," and he showed you where in his shop, fighting for his wares, and buying them almost quicker than he could register the purchases they made; and how sometimes he could sell 500 scudi worth of property before breakfast, and get an appetite by doing so! No! there was not a man of note in England, that had not some day or other been booked by him. All their kindness, no doubt—and then they came not to tease poor Ignazio, but to buy of him. Now a different set of customers dropt in one by one to look at his gems, and to find nothing good enough for them; some tumbling over his antiques, and offering a scudo for his best onyxes; "uno scudo, Santissima Maria Virgine!" others adventuring a whole paul! a price for his best Consular coins!—ah! gli avari! The earth, too, once so bountiful, was now as avaricious of parting with her treasures as the English themselves. The fields had ceased to yield their supplies; and the peasants about Rome would scarce stoop to picking up rubbish, for which, however, they always wanted Ignazio's money. "Ah, poor old man!—che vecchio? old man forsooth! say rather an old dotard, who is unfit to buy, to bargain, or to live!" And then he would ventriloquize once more to himself. "Ah, poor Ignazio! ah, poor old man! your day is indeed gone by." Such appeals were irresistible. So, whenever we had a few scudi to spare (and it was not quite discreet to go into his shop without), we used to beg to see some of his boxes of engraved stones; and having pored for a time over wares that had been examined by the most cunning eyes in Rome, would find one of better workmanship, and stop to inquire its price. "Quanto, Signor Ignazio?" and while recollecting himself, we glanced on from one to the other (the great rule in bargaining being never to appear to know what you are bargaining for!), "Per cinque scudi vi lo do." Viewed thus in the light of a donation, we would think it too high, and tell him so. "Take it for four, then—pigliate lo per quattro;" and at this fresh concession he would grant a little, like a tame seal in a water-tub! Still we would hesitate, and dare to offer two. "For everybody else, he had said impossible, for us we were padronissimi to take it, as the old man's gift, on our own terms." So we would put it up, and then, elated at our bargain, and at his respect for us, we would remove another "intaglio" from the box; and at this time, naming our own price, say with perfect nonchalance, "due scudi." The old fellow would then fumble it up in his snuffy old gloves, and bring it near his snuffy old nose; and having wiped his snuffy old magnifier, would bend his blue goggle glasses over it—and having screamed—"Che! due scudi? what do you mean by two scudi! A stone of this beauty! a living head of Medusa—a front face, too—for two scudi! The serpents in the hair were worth more money—one-half of such a head, were the stone in two, would be worth more money." And then would come in the antistrophe as before—"Ah, povero Ignazio! povero vecchio!"—and we would be shocked, and declare with compunction that we had no intention to cheat him; and he, already "persuassissimo" of that, would beg of us to say no more, but to put it into our pockets for three. After these preliminaries were settled and paid for, we would be contented to hear him once more recount the tale of his younger days, when he had the antiquity business all to himself; when he married his first wife; had dealings with Demidoff; and knew all that were worth knowing in Rome—both buyers and sellers. "Old age, Signor, is preparing me fast to give up both my business and my life! Buy, buy, now's your time, eccomi! an old man who wants to sell off everything! name your prices! Don't be afraid, you may offer me anything now." "Three scudi?" "Impossible I should let you have it for that. It cost me five; but never mind! there's the mask at three scudi. Take it! Anything else?" "This intaglio?" You are a capital judge, or you would not have thus picked out my best intaglio—will no colonnati suit?" "No." "Will you be pleased if I prove my friendship for you by sacrificing it at fifteen?" "No!" "There, take it as our third gift for twelve; but, oh that I should have lived to sell it for that, *even to you!* But you will come and see me again; I know you will, *Dottore mio!* And sure you might contrive to spend a few more fees with me than you do, and be all the richer for it into the bargain—what fine opportunities you must have of selling things to your patients, especially to the *donne!* I wish that I was a doctor, that I might carry on my business for a year or two longer!"

SIGNOR DEDOMENICIS.

"I have a hundred questions to ask," said we, turning into Dedomenicis' curiosity-shop, and casting a furtive glance behind his old armour and arras hangings, to see that there was no other confidant to whom we might be betraying our ignorance. "Dunque—well then, one at a time; e s'accomodi—make yourself at home," said the old dealer, pushing us a chair, and looking humanely communicative, as he adjusted to his temples a huge pair of spectacles, and stood at our side ready to be interrogated.

An old dealer, like a young beauty, when you are together, expects something flattering to be said about his eyes, so "we wished ours were as good as his." He said, "they were younger." "But what was the use of young eyes, or of any eyes," said we disparaging our own, "that could not make out the wholeness of a coin, nor distinguish the patina of antiquity from vulgar verdigris?"

Dedomenicis' cough convinced us that this sentiment of ours was not very far from what he himself believed to be the truth, only he was too polite to say so.

"There!" said we, "look at these bronze bargains of ours, these two counterfeit coins, which have not been a week in our possession, and which C— has already declared to be false! Oh! would you not have deemed it a happy lot to put up with a blameless blindness, and all its evils, rather than, having eyes in your head, to have disgraced them by such a purchase?" Dedomenicis glances one glance at the false Emperors, and then passes a sentence which banishes them for ever from the society of the Cæsars; while he wonders how we could have hoped to buy a real Pescennius and a Pertinax in the same adventure, and both so well preserved too!

"Were we ignorant of the prices usually set upon the heads of all those emperors who had enjoyed but a few weeks' reign?" Did not everybody, for instance, know that the African Gordians, both father and son, were, in bronze, worth their weight in gold! that a Vitellius in bronze was cheap at six pounds; and that he might be considered fortunate indeed who could convert his spare ten-pound notes into as many Pertinax penny-pieces, or come into the posses-

sion of a half-penny or a second module, as it is called, of Pescennius Niger, at the same price? Did not everybody know that Domitia was coy at £20, and stood out for £25? That Martidia, Mariana, and Plotina smiled upon none who would not give £40 to possess them, and that Annia Faustina was become a priceless piece? Had we been so long returned to Rome, and not heard of the Matidia now in the keeping of our gallant countryman, General A—, who was jealous (at least so B— had told him) of showing her even to his best friends, lest she should prove too much for their virtue to withstand, and slept with her, and could not snore securely unless she was by his side! Well, he had paid £40 for her at Thomas's sale in London, and Rollin, on seeing her in Paris, would have gladly detained her there for £50, but the general was not to be bribed; "so you see, *dottore mio*, it costs a good deal to collect coins even in the baser metal." "So it would appear, indeed, Dedomenicis; and the next time a Pertinax in bronze turns up, we will most pertinaciously refuse to bid for him; or if another Pescennius should ever again cross our path, we will mutter '*Hic Niger est*,' and remember to have nothing to do with him."

"And I think," said the old fellow, shily taking off his spectacles, and placing them on the table,—"I think you will not lose much if you adhere to your present intention."

"And yet it is annoying not to know the difference between the works of those *Paduan* brothers, of a recent century, and such as really belong to the old Roman mint;" saying which we began to study them afresh, as a policeman would do a rogue, whom he expected to meet again. "Is this knowledge, dear Dedomenicis, to be acquired '*per carita!*' let us not waste our time, if it be not." "*Lei lo saprà!* it will come in good time. *Pazienza!* be patient! you know our proverb—'time and straw ripen medlars,' and your judgment will mature in time, just as the medlars do."

Crude as an unripe medlar though our judgment certainly then was, still the prospect of its *mellowing into unsoundness* at last was by no means consolatory; and so we told him, pocketing our false coins, and going home to consult the memorandum of their price,—here it is! *Eccola!* as it was most ingeniously registered by us at the time—"Nov. 7, 1840—Bought to-day, of a peasant on his way from Ricci to Rome, two beautiful coins, a Pertinax and a Pescennius Niger, in perfect preservation! only paid £5 for the two!! the simple contadino, who can't read the epigraphes, asks whether they are not Nero's!!"

A ring at the bell, and our courier has announced Signor Dedomenicis. "By all means, show him in then,"—for he had come, a year later, to see coins we had picked up during our summer trip to Sicily. "There," said we gaily, and to put him in a good humour at once (for the remark showed we had made ourselves master of his physiognomy),—"there, Dedomenicis, is a Ptolemy Evergetes, who was, to judge by his coins, your very prototype—it is your nose—your chin—your—"

"Suppose you make it mine altogether then," said he shily; but we "prized it too much, on this very account, to part with it!" After which we go to the nearest cabinet in the room—unlock the door, take out drawer No. 1, marked Sicilian, and rare; and in the pride of our young beginning, and little knowing what we were to bring upon ourselves in so doing,—

"Midst hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
A pleasing, anxious throng;
And shrewd suspicions often lull'd,
But now returning strong,"—

we hand over the tray to Dedomenicis, whose running commentary, as soon as he had brought it into the field of his spectacles, was really appalling; and he plied it as destructively as a Sikh battery, or a Perkin's steam gun.

Prepared to see him take out the first coin in the row, to subject it to his magnifier, to turn it round, now on this side, now on that, and then to pause, ere he could decide upon it, little could we have supposed that in a second his battery was to commence fire; and that in less than a minute, he would have passed a summary sentence upon every coin of the lot.

"One—two—three."—Thus it began; "*roba commune*—common as blackberries; (four, five, six), *niente di buono*—good for what you can get for them; (seven, eight, nine), *Idem*; (ten, eleven, twelve), *Idem*; thirteen, not of Messina, as it pretended to be; and here had sold us a Neapolitan cat in place of a Sicilian hare!" "Come! a cat!" (for we called to mind what each of puss's nine lives had cost us, and determined to die game for it), "*that coin a counterfeit!*" "Si-Siguo-re!" in that sort of a sing-song gamut twang in which one Roman answers another's incredulity—"anzi falsissimo," with a most provoking lengthening out of the second syllable of that most provoking superlative; he knew all about its fabrication; the gentleman who made these coins was an acquaintance—not a friend of his; the original coin being in request, and somewhat expensive, he had contrived to get up a new issue of the Messina Hare,* which was much in vogue, and seemed, like Gay's Hare to court an extensive acquaintance, and many friends. "That *Himera*† then is of a brood that never lays golden eggs, and the sooner you can get rid of her the better. Time was when such poultry fetched its price; now, thanks to the prolific process of our modern hatchings, we see her as often in the market as widgeon, snipe, or plovers. *That's a fine lion*; 'tis a pity you've no lions to match him; but one such real *Rhegium leone* is worth a host of counterfeits—*unus, sane, at Leo!* As to your Ptolemies' eagles here, at least they are well preserved, and that always should give a coin some claim to a place in a beginner's collection; though to us dealers, who see many of them, these eagles at last become somewhat uninteresting and vulgar birds. What a collection is here of Hieros on horseback, all in good plight too! Well, I might have bought in or out of these ranks myself, but I should not, I think, like you, have purchased the whole troop—of course you paid but little for them." "Yes," said we timidly, "not overmuch, not more than they were worth, perhaps, six pauls a-piece," and we coughed nervously, and expected him to speak encouragingly; but he said nothing, and proceeded with his scrutiny of our box. "*Per Bacco!* What a quantity of cuttlefish! Methinks Syracuse has rather overdone you with her *Lobigo*, but that at least is genuine, for 'tis too cheap to make money of by imitation. This of *Naxos* will do. *This of Tarentum, va bene!* this of *Locri* corresponds." A faint "oravo!" escaped him on taking up an Athenian Tetradrachm, with the *Archer's* name on the field; but he takes no note, has no "winged words" to throw away upon our winged horses, though every nag of them, we know, came from Corinth or from Argos.

The bearded coin of Metapontus, with Ceres or Mars on the reverse: Arion on his dolphin—that beautiful, most beautiful of coins—were, together with sundry others, all too common for his antiquarian eye to take pleasure in; he

* The "hare" was first introduced into Sicily by Anaxilaus of Rhegium, and was adopted by the Messenians on their coins, as was also the "chariot," in commemoration of his victory in the "mule" races at Olympia.

† On the urtic coins of Aquinum, Sessa, and Tiano, which are generally of bronze, the "cock" figures on one side, the subject on the other varying; on those of Himera (a silver currency), chancicler is always confronted on the reverse by Dame Partlett.

sought something less frequently presented to it, and at last he found it in a Croton coin with a rare reverse, which, "would we sell him, he would take at twenty dollars and pay us in *living silver*." A bow told him we were not disposed to part with it. And now he comes to what we consider to be our finest piece,—our Lipari bronze! And on it is a fat dolphin sporting on a green sea. Dedomenicis' manner is vastly discouraging, and we are prepared for a new disappointment, yet we could have sworn that that coin was genuine. But if false, as he believes it to be, why then not have done with it? why put it down to take it up again? why ask whether we don't repute it false, when he knows we know nothing of the matter? And why mouse it so closely under his keen eye, and look round the rim of it, and examine the face of it, and appear as if he would penetrate into its very soul, and get at its history? Oh! 'tis all right then; if "he may be mistaken," doubtless he is so: and this is confirmed by his now proposing—thinking an exchange no robbery, of course—to exchange it for us. Ingenuous man! who hadst twice invoked the saints and the Madonna in our behalf when thou heardest the price we paid for our unlucky Hare; and when thou knewest how C— had beguiled us into taking and paying for a Roman, the price of an Etruscan "As:" and now thou wouldst have robbed us of our best coin, have deprived us of the very *Delphin classic* of our collection; it won't do! Our Messenian hare is welcome, but, old *arsurator*, we cannot let you swim away on our dolphin; and we rise to replace him in our *monetaro* accordingly.

A third interview with Dedomenicis is recorded in our entry-book of such matters.—"Here are the coins, Signor, which you gave me to clean last week: they are ten in number, for which you owe me as many pauls—*Eccole!*" "Ah," said we, "you have not made much of them, I fear." "Look and see," was the laconic reply. By which time we had taken up the first, and were pleased to find that an Augustus, whose lineaments we could hardly recognize, when we gave him to Dedomenicis to scale, had come back to us perfectly restored. "Why, Dedomenicis," said we, "this is a restitution better than Trajan's of this very Emperor's coinage; for that, after all, was but the imitation of an old mint; but yours the restoration of the old one itself. Henceforth, I prefer Dedomenicis' *restitut* to Trajan's *restitut*." "Well, then, when you have looked over the others, you will, I dare say, pay these and them at the same rate, as if they had been the issues of that Emperor." We were indeed surprised at what we saw, so much had all our coins gained by the process to which Dedomenicis had subjected them. The second we took up represented the *Ostian harbour* (Portus Ostiensis). We had given it to him with a *foul bottom*—it was restored to us with its basin cleared out, and with all its shipping, just as it used to look in the days of Nero; in another, the whole arena of the Colosseum had been disencumbered; in another, Antonine's column shone bright from top to bottom; here we saw *Honos et Virtus* (honor and military prowess) again taking the field; here the scales of Justice once more appeared, and librated freely in her hand: here Hope resumed her green trefoil: Pudicity unveils her face; and there sat Fecundity on a curule seat, with all her family about her; lastly, there were those three scandalous sisters of Caligula—the Misses Money (Moneta),—standing together with their arms intertwined, and their names at their backs. All these ten restitutions cost only ten pauls! "And how did you manage to clean them so well, Dedomenicis?" "Col tempo ed il temperino,"—with time and a penknife: "*Ma ci vuo il genio*,"—you must have a talent for it.

SCALING A COIN.

"*Ci vuo il genio*,"—he was right; and think you 'tis so easy or simple a thing to clean a coin? to unmask an empress, pertinacious in her disguise, or to scrape acquaintance with emperors? Try it; not that you will succeed; but that the difficulties which you are thus made to encounter in the attempt, will dispose you the more readily to do justice to the skill of those who succeed in this delicate process, which, like the finer operations of surgery, requires at once precision and address, great nicety in the handling of your instruments; while the importance attached to the operation itself makes the successful performance of it not a little desirable. The penknife, guided by a *dexterous* hand, may light upon a discovery that has been buried for ages; and a pin's point may make revelations sufficient to adjust some obscure point in history. Who knows what face may now lie hid (*faries dicatur an ulcus?*) under some obscure coating of paste? What if he be a Vitellius! what if a Pertinax should reveal himself? or suppose when you have removed the foul *larea*, you undermine a Matilda! a Plotina!! an Annia Faustina!!! and your fortune is made! 'Tis a lottery, we admit. But the very principle of the excitement—the charm is, that you know not what may turn up; for a less chance, you may possibly have bought a "Terno" in a Frankfurt lottery, the chance of an estate on the Moselle! But there are small prizes to be picked up occasionally—and here's a case in point: "I was one day sauntering," said our friend C—, "by the tomb of Cecillia Metella, when a peasant came up with a handful of very dirty-looking coins, so firmly encrusted with mortar, that it seemed absurd to attempt its removal. Having nothing particular to do, and liking the wild quiet of the spot, I gave some 'baioielli' to the man, and taking my seat on a bit of the old aqueduct, I opened my penknife, and began to scrape away. At first I saw the trace of a letter; and digging round it, I at length disinterred a large M—a Roman M! It was probably Maximin, or his son Maximus, that I then had under my thumb; but it might be a Marinus, in which case it was a valuable coin; so I wrought on with renewed vigour, and presently an L was in the field. A better prospect this than the last; for if it turned out to be an *Emilianus*, I should have made a good morning's work of it—and it was so! Little by little, line by line, grain by grain, I opened the field, till C. Julius *Emilianus*, Pontif. Max: in a full epigraphic shone forth with the imperial head in full relief, all in a bright emerald patina. I have seen several *Emilianuses*, but none like that; and it cost me only a penny."

Now, touching the difficulties in your way—should you still fancy them to be imaginary—take any dirty coin *nigra moneta sordibus*, and try to clean it; oil it, and scrub it as you may; pick into it, poke at it, finally, waste your whole morning over it, till your back aches, and your penknife is blunted; you will have to confess at last that your labour has been lost! Your only chance, then, is the fire; and if the actual cautery fails, there is no longer any hope. As in learning to scale properly, you must come to sacrifice a great many coins before you can hope to succeed, *fat experimentum in corpore vili*—begin with those that are worthless. Never mind scratching a Faustina's face; set no store by Nero; you may, if you like, mutilate as many *Domitians* as that emperor mutilated flies. For why?—they cost nothing; unless, indeed, there were something to be gained by reversing the picture. But this only while learning, and to learn; for when you know how to clean a coin properly, you will hardly waste your time in adding new Trajans to the ten thousands already in existence; nor whet your curiosity or steel upon an empress, known to be as common in bronze as she was wont to be in the flesh! When you have a really valuable coin, on which your pains will not be thrown away, your mode of procedure is,

first to scrape, with extreme caution, on some small spot by the margin, till you have taken your proper soundings, and come down to the *patina*. Your next step must be, to ascertain whether that patina is hard, or soft and friable; in which latter case you will have to use all diligence not to poke your penknife in Crispina's eyeball, nor to wound her husband, with a few days' beard upon his chin. No *healing process* can help you here to undo your clumsy surgery and want of skill. He will remain *cicatrised*, and she *lippa* for life. Each separate feature requires a renewed care. When your minute manipulations have brought out the eyeball *unspocked*, then comes the nose; and to remove the closely sticking plaster from its side, and expose uninjured the curling nostril underneath, requires more than Taliacotian sleight of hand to manage properly. You must not trifle with Faustina's hair, nor with Philip's beard. The "*flaea coma*," which we do not consider as ornamental at any time, looks far worse in brass than in golden tresses. You must be an *austrian* when you come to the ear. Deal with the ear, and remember that it has its *portio mollis* as you gently probe your way into its tube. Need we insist upon the necessity of respecting a lady's lips? and yet you will wound them, unless you are careful. And when all is done, you may find that your coin is no sooner cleaned, than it is seized with the *smallpox*, which will become *confluent* and spread, unless properly instructed. You have probed each cicatrix to the bottom, and filled the minute holes with ink. Thus you will see that patience, tact, and care are all required in scaling a coin; or, as Dedomenicis said, *ci vuo il genio!*

The collecting coins is a pleasant way of learning the chronology of the royal families of antiquity; and if you are culpably negligent in their arrangement, the first dealer who sees your cabinet takes care to apprise you of your mistakes, and will generally rate you soundly as he does so. The first time Dedomenicis visited our collection of the Roman emperors, he was in a great taking on detecting (which he did not fail to do at a glance) various anachronisms in our arrangement. "By all that should be, if here is not Agrippina the wife of Germanicus, and Claudius's Agrippina, in next-door neighbourhood! the two Faustinas (*che scandalo, dottore mio!*) lying side by side with strange husbands! Philip junior deposing his own father—*ci avevano questa consuetudine*, so let that pass; but here is a more serious affair. Pray separate all these Julias a little, my dear sir, *caro lei* (looking at us very reproachfully;) here, in this one tray, you have mixed, introduced, and confounded together all the Julias of the Roman empire! Julia, the daughter of Titus, alone in her right place beside her first consort Domitian. But Julia Pia and Julia Donna are but the aliases of the same empress, the wife of Septimius Severus; and here you have placed by mistake Julia Paula, the wife of Eliogabalus, after Julia Mammæa, who you must remember married Maximin. Pray attend to these things; and whenever your series is deficient, leave vacant spaces in your trays to mark the deficiencies. Don't crowd your emperors thus together, when time has separated them in history," &c., &c., &c. We promised faithfully to attend to these hints; but it was all to no purpose, for in one week our friends, to whom we used to show our collection properly arranged, would again involve our chronology in inextricable confusion, especially certain dear young ladies of our acquaintance, who, by no means showing the same respect of old Time that old Time continued to demonstrate towards them, would make light of whole centuries; and we have known them so regardless of all dates, except perhaps their own, as to bring up a Constantine or Maxentius, and to place them under the very nose of Augustus!

THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES SEALSFIELD.

[Concluded.]

Numerous and various in their nature have been the books on Mexico written and published within the last twenty years, and to several of the most worthy, reference was made a few months ago, in the pages of this Review. Residents and travellers, diplomats and men of science, have in turn given us valuable information concerning the condition, politics, and prospects of the most extensive and important of Spanish American states; the revolution has had no unworthy historian in Robinson; Mexican society, habits, vices, and virtues, have been anatomised in their minutest details by the clever pen of an accomplished and intelligent Scotchwoman. But to no English writer has it occurred to make the terrible and extraordinary scenes of the Mexican revolution the groundwork of an historical romance. Yet where could there be a finer field for the highest class of fiction, than the uprising of a people who for three centuries had groined under the most cruel tyranny; a tyranny unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of the world! The sanguinary traditions of the great Marquis, who, from the most exemplary motives, as one of his historians insinuates, converted into shambles the flowery plains and stately cities of ancient Mexico, descended through many generations to the latest inheritors of his power, and in the nineteenth century a Calleja was found, ready to vie for cruelty with the Cortes of the sixteenth. It was reserved for Mr. Sealsfield, doubly qualified by an intimate acquaintance with the country and its people, and by the possession of extraordinary descriptive powers, to throw into the form of a romance the terrible annals of the struggle for Mexican independence, and at the same time to give to the European public the most striking picture of Mexican life and manners with which we are acquainted. Never were we more deeply interested and more strongly impressed by any book, than by the '*Vicery and the Aristocracy*,' and we should be accused of exaggeration did we here record the need of praise which we believe it to deserve. The author's previous works had not prepared us for this one. Written, for the most part, in the light, sketchy style of which we have given specimens, they had not led us to expect from the same hand a production of such extraordinary power as this Mexican romance. Before entering further upon its merits, let us briefly glance at the state of Mexico in the year 1812, the period which Mr. Sealsfield has, with peculiar felicity, selected for his story.

Accelerated by the premature discovery of the plot, which was betrayed by a conspirator upon his death-bed, the first revolutionary outbreak in Mexico, in the autumn of 1810, was confined, with few and unimportant exceptions, to the Indians and coloured population. A large number of influential Creoles, implicated, and who were to have taken a leading part, in the insurrection, alarmed at its premature development, drew back in time, and the insurgent army, which speedily amounted to upwards of a hundred thousand men, undisciplined, and in great part unarmed, saw itself deprived of those best able to direct its operations and check its excesses. The parish priest, Hidalgo, who first gave the signal of revolt, and lighted up the flame destined to consume him, was incompetent to guide or control the motley mass of insurgents, who, infuriated by a long series of oppressions and cruelties, swept through the land like raging madmen, indiscriminately exterminating both Spaniards and Creoles. The latter, for the most part well disposed to the revolution, saw themselves compelled, for their own preservation, to side with those against whom they would willingly have drawn the sword: they united with the Spaniards to repress a

revolt, which, had it succeeded, would have annihilated the white population, and thrown the government of the country into the hands of the Indians and castes. The rebellion was suppressed; the fearful retribution exercised by the conquerors may be read in the pages of Robinson and others, who have been taxed with exaggeration, but to whose narratives persons acquainted with the inherent cruelty of the Spanish character, and with the unscrupulous and sanguinary nature of Spanish colonial administrations, will perhaps see little reason for refusing implicit credit. The victims of fury and revenge were reckoned by tens of thousands; at last the tiger was glutted, and then the relative position of the three parties in Mexico was this. The Spaniards, still cherishing feelings of hatred against all who had dared to assail their hitherto undisputed rule, looked with suspicion and dislike upon the Creoles, who, they well knew, would far rather, had circumstances permitted, have sided against, than with them. They considered them as traitors in intentions, if not in deed, and treated them with greater contempt and contumely than before. The Creoles, or at least the more enlightened and patriotic of their number, to whom decorations and *titulos de Castilla* were insufficient baits to become partisans of the Spaniards, watched the march of events, and worked in silence and darkness towards one great end, the increase of their power and influence in the army and the country, by which alone, as they justly considered, could a revolution be brought about that should establish Creole supremacy. The Indians and castes, momentarily stunned by the terrible chastisement inflicted on them, were yet far from abandoning the game as lost, and numerous parties of insurgents still kept up a desultory warfare with the Spanish troops. Learning wisdom from experience, they watched and waited, avoiding decisive actions, and maintaining through their leaders an active correspondence with Creole noblemen of patriot opinions. It is whilst this was the state of parties, during the carnival of 1812, and when the principal insurgent leader, Morelos, had approached to within a few leagues of the city of Mexico, that Mr. Sealsfield opens his romance of the 'Viceroy and the Aristocracy.' The latter are the Creole nobles, the former is Vanegas, a Spanish grandee of the first class and captain-general of the royal armies. Whilst opposed to the French in the Peninsula, this officer had lost, rather, it was affirmed, by treachery than through lack of courage and ability, the two important actions of Cuenca and Almonacid. Of a highly influential family, and allied with others still more weighty and important, his military treason or misfortune had not prevented his receiving from the Cortes a nomination to the Viceroyalty of Mexico, one of the most valuable and coveted posts in the gift of the Kings of Spain. In this new capacity he displayed considerable talent, and it was in great part owing to his energetic measures that the revolution had been crushed. But he had to struggle with difficulties unknown to his predecessors. His nomination was from the Cortes only. Spain being then, practically speaking, kingless; and the peculiar sanctity and prestige which the royal sanction usually gave to the Viceroy was wanting. Unimportant though this circumstance may seem, it had weight with the Spanish nobility and officials in Mexico, and Vanegas found it necessary to court and conciliate the Creoles, in order occasionally to throw them into the balance as a check upon his own countrymen.

The principal personages in the romance are Vanegas and his family, especially his sister-in-law, a worldly beauty, ambitious and intriguing; the Count St. Jago, an enlightened and high-hearted Creole nobleman, and Vicente Guerrero, a mulatto, who by his talents and ardent patriotism has risen to be an influential chief of the insurgents. The characters are all admirably worked out, well-drawn, and consistent. The scenes in which Guerrero figures are amongst the most interesting. We may instance the first two chapters of the book, than which we know not where to look for anything more strikingly original. During the carnival, Guerrero ventures in disguise into the city of Mexico, and causes to be performed a sort of double *sotie* or masquerade, in the first part of which is figured forth the wretched condition of the Mexican people, writhing beneath the vampire-like oppression of Spain.

"It was a party of twelve persons, fantastically attired in the costumes of the various Indian tribes, and who were grouped round a *carro*, or two-wheeled cart, in so picturesque a manner that it was easily seen they followed the direction of some intelligent head. The Indians were in mourning, and acted as pall-bearers: upon the cart itself were two figures, in whom the attributes of the ghastly and the comic were so strangely blended as to inspire the beholder with mingled feelings of curiosity and horror. One of the figures lay stretched at full length upon the car; it was a torso, from whose breast, and from the stumps of its mutilated limbs, blood was continually dropping, which, as fast as it fell, was greedily licked up by figures masked and disguised as Spaniards. There still seemed to be life in the victim, for it groaned and gave out hollow tones, and struggled, but in vain, to shake off the monster that crouched like a vampire upon its body and dug its tiger claws into its breast. The monster was as strange to behold as the sufferer. It had the cowl and the gloomy countenance of a well-fed Dominican monk; on one side of it was a blazing torch, on the other a yelling hound; its head was covered with a brass basin, intended probably to represent the barber helmet of Cervantes' knight. Above this helm waved a pair of wings, not unlike those which the fancy of old heralds had bestowed upon the griffin; the back ended in the tail of the coyote, or Mexican wolf, and the claws with which the monster ripped up the torso's breast were those of a caguar."

A plain enough allegory, but lest any should not seize it, Guerrero appears masked in the street where it is exhibited, and gives a commentary on it, in the witty and popular style likely to take with the crowds of the lower orders—amongst whom, however, are many Creoles—who throng to the strange spectacle. Suddenly, from a far distant balcony, resounds the cry of '*Vigilancia!*' '*Vigilancia!*' is echoed from mouth to mouth. '*Vigilancia!*' repeats Guerrero, 'thanks, *senoras y señores*,' and with a bow and a smile he disappears. The crowd close round the cart, and when the alguazils arrive, a few fragments of wood and paste-board are all that remain of the pageant.

From the street the daring partisan goes to the Trespana coffee-house, then thronged with revellers, and makes his way into a room where a party of young Creole nobles are playing *monde*. Before them he causes to be performed a comedy of a refined nature, more likely to appeal to their tastes and feelings than the grim drama enacted in the street. Its object is to expose the vices and weakness of Ferdinand VII., and to convince the Creoles of his unworthiness to reign over them. We are grievously tempted to extract, but must resist for want of space. The performance is near its close when it is interrupted by the alguazils. The actors escape, but the young noblemen find themselves deeply compromised by having witnessed this treasonable exhibition, and are condemned, as a punishment for their offence, to serve in the army. Amongst them is Manuel, Count St. Jago's nephew, who is in love with the viceroy's sister-in-law; and he, being Spanish in his sympathies, chooses to go to Spain and serve against the French rather than enter the Mexican army under Calleja. His adventures upon his journey to the coast are such, however,

as to compromise him to the rebel cause. He falls in with Guerrero, from whose lips he receives an animated account of Hidalgo's insurrection, its rise, progress, and suppression. Mr. Sealsfield has based this account, and most of the strictly historical parts of his book, upon the works of Robinson and Mier, but he introduces many details, gathered probably during his own visit to Mexico, and his nervous style gives the charm of novelty to the whole. A fight in the mountains between a squadron of Spanish dragoons and a party of half-armed patriots, terminates in the defeat of the former, to whom the Indians show no quarter. Don Manuel, who, by the warmth of his indignation at the cruelty of the Spaniards, has been betrayed into using his arms against them, endeavours to stop the carnage.

"It was in vain: his voice was drowned by the cries of fury of the Indians. At that moment the vesper bells of Cholula were heard to ring, and those of the villages of the plain chimed in with a harmony indescribably soothing."

"*Ave Maria!*" murmured the Indians. '*Ave Maria!*' repeated Metises and Zambos; and all, friends and foes, let their blood-dripping hands fall, sank their wild and furious glances to the earth, and, whilst they mechanically seized and kissed the medals of the Virgin of Guadalupe that hung around their necks, they commenced praying in loud monotonous tones, '*Ave Maria! audi nos peccadores!*'

"And, as though the sound of the bells were commands from on high, these furious men bowed their heads, uplifted and folded their hands, and, kneeling upon the carcasses of their slain foes, implored, in humble formula, forgiveness for themselves and for their enemies."

"Over valley and plain the shades of evening had spread themselves; in the barrancas it was already night; but the mountains of the Sierra Madre still glowed in flame colour, the majestic, snow-covered peaks blazing, like mighty beacons, in unspeakable glory and splendour. Suddenly flocks of vultures and eagles arose and drew near, their hoarse cries mingling with the groans of the dying and sobs of the wounded, and completing the horrible sublimity of the scene. The last note of the bells tolled out: the Indians arose, gazed at each other for a moment in lowering silence, and then, without a word, threw themselves upon the remaining Spaniards with a rage and rapidity that seemed scarcely human. In a few seconds not one of the dragoons drew the breath of life. To a man they had been strangled and stabbed by their vindictive and pitiless foes."

Even from such brief scraps as these may be gathered evidence of great power, both picturesque and dramatic. We do not propose to go into further details of the plot of the 'Viceroy,' which can hardly be said to be brought to a wind-up, excepting as regards certain political manoeuvres of Count St. Jago, crowned with complete success. But the common forms of romance writing, the *obligato* deaths and marriages at the close of a third volume, may well be dispensed with in this instance. We have here far better than the ordinary routine of story-telling—a living and moving panorama of Mexico passes before our eyes as we turn these pages. The luxury and lavish magnificence of the Spanish rulers, their gilt abodes, and pride of birth, and inexpressible contempt and loathing for the coloured races, or *gente irrazional*, as they called them, the fawning subserviency of some of the Creoles, the brooding impatience of their yoke which others felt, but rarely dared to show; the stubborn, dogged half-breeds; the Indians, gentle and submissive, till spurred by inhuman cruelties to an outbreak of desperate ferocity; the *Leperos*, lazzaroni of the New World, half-naked, and for the most part imbecile, sunk in squalor, filth and misery; such are a portion of the figures whom Mr. Sealsfield displays upon his well-filled and vivid canvases. Nor is he less successful in his delineation of inanimate nature. From the 'Viceroy,' and from his other Mexican book, 'South and North,' we have gathered a clearer notion of the scenery and configuration of the country, its lakes and mountains, forests and barrancas, than we had obtained from all the works we had previously read on the subject. But of this more hereafter. We pause to make a final extract of a scene upon the Paseo Nuevo, or public promenade of the city of Mexico. The Paseo, a double alley of poplars, extending from the south-western extremity of the capital to the bridge over the Chalco canal, a distance of a couple of miles, is crowded with the carriages of the Creole ladies, with pedestrians and horsemen. A group of the latter, consisting of Spanish officers, have halted by the side of the road, and are indulging in loud and insolent comments on the appearance of the ladies.

"*Carajo!*" suddenly exclaimed one of the black-bearded crew, a fiery little ensign, as he gave his horse the spur, and galloped after a coach containing two ladies, one of whom, judging from the graceful outline of her elegantly dressed form, possessed no ordinary attractions. The young officer's sudden movement drew the attention of his comrades and of the public, and both began, although after a very different fashion, to make their remarks upon it.

"*Demonio!*" cried the officers.

"*Abajo!*" 'shame!' muttered the crowd, in low, deep tones.

"*Adelante, Lopez!*" cried several officers.

"*Viva el conquistador!*" shouted others, encouragingly.

"By my soul, bold as a Navarrese!" exclaimed one.

"Say, rather, saucy as an Andalusian," replied another, 'for Don Lopez Matanza has the honour to be born Andalusian.'

"From the country which the archangel Gabriel himself visited," laughed a third.

"This witty conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud scream of indignation and terror proceeding from the carriage in which the two ladies sat, and to which the ensign had galloped up with all the external gallantry of a Spaniard, and the insolence of a privileged profligate. For one moment a stillness like that of death reigned in the Paseo, whilst thousands of heads were turned, and thousands of necks stretched out, in the direction whence the cry came, and then, as the cause gradually became known, the carriages all stopped, and riders and walkers galloped and pressed in hundreds round the coach whose occupant had been outraged. In an instant the presumptuous officer was surrounded by an innumerable throng, forming a compact mass round him and the carriage. At the same time a murmur arose which at first had the character of timidity, but soon became louder and more threatening. As yet no hand had been lifted against the audacious insulter of Mexican womanhood, when suddenly the terrible words, 'Down with the tyrant!' echoed through the crowd. A hundred hands were raised, and the unfortunate ensign disappeared from off his horse. The other officers who had come up in all haste, in vain endeavoured with drawn swords to force their way to their comrade.

"*Senoria, for the mother of God's sake!*" exclaimed an old Spanish hidalgo to a colonel, who stood a little apart, absorbed in the contemplation of a brilliant phaeton, which now rapidly ascended the Paseo, and apparently unmindful of what had passed—'*Senoria!*' screamed the hidalgo, 'only think what insolence! One of your officers, the very honourable Ensign Don Lopez Matanza, of the regiment of Saragossa, as I believe, condescended to favour the *Senorita*

Zuniga with his attentions, and to offer her a salutation which any countess in Mexico should feel honoured to receive, and the shameless girl—

"By my soul, Don Abasalo Agostino Pinto, you are a fool!" replied the colonel, spurring his horse, and dashing into the thick of the crowd, which at the same moment divided, in order to give passage to the phaeton and its four Andalusian horses, and to escape the swords of the six life-guardsmen who preceded the vehicle. Strangely enough, a few seconds saw the crowd dispersed in wonderful order and silence in the side alleys, and the viceregal equipage was able to draw up unimpeded beside the carriage in which the insulted ladies sat.

"What is all this?" inquired one of two ladies who occupied the phaeton.

"A piece of gallantry carried rather too far, as I understand, replied the colonel, 'and of which my ensign, Don Lopez Matanza, has been guilty.'

"We are inexpressibly grieved, dear señoras," continued the lady, in melodious, but somewhat imperious tones, 'and entreat you for a while to consider our carriage as yours.' And whilst she leaned over with enchanting grace towards the ladies, two richly liveried attendants lifted the terrified and half-fainting Creole out of her coach, and placed her in the phaeton beside their mistress, who bowed to the officers, and then, with the gracious smile of a queen, continued her progress along the Paseo.

"For a moment the eyes of the colonel followed the proud beauty, and then turned their gaze upon the Creoles, who again rode, drove, and walked about as if nothing in the least unusual had occurred.

"Strange! upon my honour," said he to his neighbour; 'but where is Ensign Don Lopez Matanza?' Don Martinez, you will take away his sword for three days. Where is Ensign Don Lopez Matanza?' repeated the colonel in a louder tone. He had disappeared, and his horse with him.

"Where is Don Lopez Matanza?" exclaimed all the officers.

"Seek him behind the fountain," cried voices in the distance.

"Jesus Maria!" "Todos diablos!" "Santa Virgen!" shouted and screamed the officers.

"The unlucky Spaniard lay behind the fountain, stone dead, his breast pierced with numerous stiletto thrusts. Certain blue marks upon his throat plainly told that he had first been strangled and then stabbed.

"They have twisted his neck like a young hound," cried Don Pinto.

"Señores," said the colonel, softly and gravely, 'our brother has sought his fate. These despised Creoles begin to discover their shame. Beware of quickening their perceptions.'

"Madre de Dios!" murmured a captain, 'In broad bright daylight, and in the face of thousands, they have throttled him like a dog!'

"Such deeds alarm me," said the colonel, 'they are sparks which may easily grow into a blaze. Once more, señores—prudence!'

"A picket of troops that had been stationed a thousand paces off, on the bridge over the Chalco canal, now came up; the colonel gave the necessary orders, and, after seeing the corpse laid upon a bier formed of muskets, rode down the Paseo. The other officers followed the body of their murdered comrade."

We have spoken of Mr. Sealsfield's writings in terms of very high praise, and reflection does not induce us to retract one syllable of the commendation bestowed. Maturely considered, our verdict is that he is one of the most remarkable writers of his class now living. His works are invaluable acquisitions to German literature, both on account of their intrinsic worth and interest, and as likely to stimulate a fresher and more natural tone amongst the present school of German novelists. He deals in the real and true, not in mysticism and sickly sentiment. Whilst lauding the merits of his writing, we are not however blind to their defects. The former are, a deep knowledge of human nature, character skilfully drawn, dialogue spirited and dramatic, description of a high order, incidents agreeable and often striking. His failings are an utter negligence in the carrying out of his plots, occasional inconsistencies and omissions, such as writers of the present day rarely hazard, and, in some instances, wildness and incoherence of style. At times he seems to throw the reins upon the neck of his imagination, which carries him Heaven knows where, but certainly far beyond the ken of his reader. This is especially the case in his last publication, 'South and North,' a narrative of an adventurous ramble through Mexico, accomplished by a party of Americans. We refer the reader to the seventeenth chapter for a fine sample of the powerfully rhapsodical. The travellers bivouac in a swamp, and are attacked by the mosquito fever. The chapter was written, we should think, during a paroxysm of that distressing malady, or under the influence of a pipe of opium. But this same book, although extravagant and of little interest as a whole, contains passages as fine as anything that Mr. Sealsfield has written or that we have read. He is never more happy than in the description of scenery. It is easy to babble about green fields, and the merest scribblers reckon thereupon for filling up considerable portions of their drowsy post octavos, but between such babbling and the vivid picturesqueness, strength of diction, and happiness of expression, which place a fine landscape, an aboriginal forest, the incalculable vegetable luxuriance of a Texian prairie, or the tropical glories of a Mexican barranca, before the reader's eyes in the mellow, sunny colouring of a Claude, or with the savage boldness of a Salvator, lies a shasm both deep and wide. Let us see on which side of the gulf Mr. Sealsfield stands. Hear him describe a sunshine in Southern Mexico:

"Wrapped in our mantles, we watched the last stars that yet lingered palely in the heavens. Suddenly the eastern sky grew light, and a bright point appeared, like a falling star floating between heaven and earth—but yet no star, its hue was too ruddy. We still gazed in silence, when a second fiery spot showed itself in the neighbourhood of the first, which now grew and increased, and became like a flaming tongue, licking round the silver summits of the snow-covered hills, and then descending, as the flames in a burning village crept from roof to walls. And as we looked, five, ten, twenty mountain peaks became bathed in the same rosy fire, which spread with lightning swiftness, like a banner of flames, from hill-top to hill-top. Scarce five minutes had elapsed since the high mountains, wrapped in their dull pale shroud of snow, had shown dim and frosty in the distance, and now both they and their smaller brethren flamed forth like mighty beacons or lava-streaming volcanoes, bringing to our minds, in all its living truth, the word of Him who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Above, all was bright and glorious day; below, gloomy sullen night. Here and there floods of radiance were poured in through the clefts of the mountains, and where they penetrated, a strange contest ensued. The shades of darkness seemed to live and move, and engage in desperate struggle with the intrusive sunbeams that broke and dispersed them, chasing them up the wooded heights, and rending them asunder like cobwebs, so that suddenly and as by enchantment were disclosed the deep indigo blue of the tamarinds and chicazopotes, lower down, the bright green of the sugar fields, lower still, the darker tints of the nopal gardens, then the ultramarine and gold, and green, and white, and bright yellow of the orange and citron groves, and finally the lofty fan and date palms, and the splendid banana, all covered with millions of dew-

drops that glittered and sparkled like countless diamonds and rubies."—*Suden and Norden*, vol. i., p. 177.

And further on:

"From out of the distant background the silver dome of the star of Mexico mountains towered into the heavens, one vast field of frosted silver, detaching itself from the deep azure of the sky as from a dark blue ocean. More to the right, but nearer, the cliffs of the Senpoaltepec, with their granite terraces, and gables, and towers, rose in fantastic groups to a height of twelve thousand feet. But at the foot of this mighty world of snow and mountain, swimming in all the colours of the rainbow, were hedges of banana and palm, dividing sugar, and cotton, and nopal fields, sprinkled with citron, and orange, and fig trees of gigantic height, twice as high as our northern oaks; every tree a hothouse, a pyramid, a huge nosegay, covered to the distance of a hundred feet from the ground, with flowers and blossoms, with dendrobiums, paulinias, bignonias, and convolvulus. And then pomegranate gardens, and chicazopotes, and chirimoyas, and strawberry trees; the whole valley one vast garden, but such a garden as no northern imagination could even faintly picture."—*Suden und Norden*, vol. i., p. 210.

Yet one more extract of a similar class:

"This valley of Oaxaca has about the same right to be styled a valley that our Alleghanys would have to be called bottoms. We should call it a chain of mountains, although here it is looked upon as a valley, in comparison with the far higher mountains that rise out of it and surround it as with a frame. And truly a magnificent frame they are, with their varieties of light, and shade, and colour, here looking like dead gold, then like the same metal in a state of fiery solution, and then again darkening into a deep, rich, golden bronze. Below, the bright and dark green, and crimson and purple, and violet and yellow, and azure and dazzling white of Myriads of flowers, and the prodigious palms, far more than a hundred feet high, their majestic turbans rising like sultans' heads above the luxuriant tree and vegetable world! And then the mahogany trees, the chicazopotes, and in the barrancas the candelabra-like cactus, and higher up the knotted and majestic live oak. A perpetual change of plants, trees, and temperature. For five hours have we ridden, and have changed our climate nearly as often, passing from the *tierra templada*, the temperate zone, into the *tierra caliente*, and *muy caliente*, the hot and torrid. Just now we are roasted with heat, the sweat bursting from every pore, as we move through an entirely new world of plants and animals. Borax, and mangroves, and ferns as lofty as trees, and trees like church towers, springing out of the aboriginal forest far higher even than the colossal mahogany. And then the exotic animals that we see around us—black tigers—we have stumbled upon at least a dozen of the cowardly, sneaking brutes—and iguanas, three feet long, and squirrels twice as large as those in the States, and ocelots, and wild boars, and coyotes—although these latter are to be found everywhere—and grinning apes of every size and species. And yonder, standing out white and bright from the deep blue heavens and bronze-coloured rocks, is the village of Quiricoivi."—*Suden und Norden*, vol. ii., p. 184.

Similar passages abound in the book whence there are taken. Allowing for the disadvantage of a translation, and the difficulty of rendering the full richness of the original German, they will be admitted to display great descriptive power, as well as a keen perception and poetical appreciation of the beauties of external nature.

The most conspicuous feature in the "Cabin-book," which, as the name hints, contains a string of stories told in the cabin of a steamer, is an animated account of the Texian revolution, its causes, progress, and ultimate triumph. Mr. Sealsfield's narrative of battles and marches could not be more graphic had he himself taken share in them. We know not whether this was the case, although from his evidently erratic and adventurous propensities we should not be surprised to learn that he had made the campaign, and that those are his own adventures that he puts into the mouth of a young American settler in Texas. After a very few skirmishes, the steady courage and terrible marksmanship of the Texans seem to have inspired their antagonists with a wholesome terror, and although the exultation of the former at their early and easy successes was soon damped by their terrible reverses at the forts of Goliad and the Alamo—where thirteen hundred men, the flower of the Texian army, were sacrificed—the prudence of Houston and the tenacity of his soldiers again changed the fortune of the war, and the final victory of San Jacinto and capture of Santa Anna established the independence of Texas. Conquerors and their partisans do not willingly detract from the merit of their achievements by taxing the vanquished with utter cowardice and incapacity, and Mr. Sealsfield extols the desperate courage displayed by a portion of the Mexicans in the above-named battle, which was, in fact, a surprise, followed, as we have always understood, and as other writers on the subject have asserted, by the instantaneous and panic flight of the whole of Santa Anna's army. On the other hand, he gives some laughable instances of their poltroonery in previous encounters, when opposed but to a tithe of their numbers. The Dons, although numerically and in discipline far superior to the backwoodsmen pitted against them, who had little notion of military tactics, and fought, for the most part, each man "on his own hook," yet laboured under some disadvantages. Not the least of these appears to have been the quality of their ammunition. Charcoal-dust cartridges, and muskets "made to sell," both proceeding, we are told, from British manufacturers, were picked up and curiously examined by the Texans after a fight upon the banks of the Salado, during which they had had reason to feel astonished at their own seemingly miraculous invulnerability to a heavy fire. And as the Mexicans, out of respect for the superior qualities of their opponents' weapons, usually fired at extreme musket-range, and sometimes a trifle beyond, it is no wonder that the Texian loss was reckoned by units, when that on the other side amounted to hundreds. The cavalry, whose sabres, upon the level prairie, ought to have told with terrible effect against the irregular array of the Texans, behaved with conspicuous cowardice, and when they were brought up to a charge their officers were picked off, and the men retired in confusion.

"We saw the officers furiously gesticulating, brandishing their sabres, and torturing their horses with the spur, till the irritated animals reared and plunged, and sprang into the air, all four feet off the ground. It is fair to say, that the officers showed far more pluck than we had given them credit for. Two squadrons had charged us, and lost two-thirds of their officers; but those who had been spared, nothing daunted by their comrades' fall, used every exertion again to bring their men to the scratch." At last there appeared a chance of their ac-

* The loss of the Mexicans (during the siege and capture by the Texans of St. Antonio de Bexar, in December, 1835) consisted in 740 dead, a few men slightly wounded, who marched away with General Cos, and a large number whose hurts were severe, and who remained behind under care of our surgeons. Our loss amounted to six dead, twenty-nine wounded who went into hospital, and a few others who were not sufficiently hurt to prevent their going into quarters in the town. The disproportion is so enormous as to be almost incredible, but is most of the actions of that war, the killed of the Mexicans were to those of the Texans as one hundred to one."—H. Ehrenberg's "Fahrt und Schicksale eines Deutschen in Texas," pp. 73.

complishing it, in a most original and thoroughly Mexican manner. They rode on alone for about a hundred yards, and then stopped and looked back at their men, as much as to say, 'Thus far you may come with whole skins.' Then they galloped back again, and tried to get the men on. Each repetition of his manœuvre brought the reluctant dragoons thirty or forty paces forward, when they again halted as by common consent. Again the officers scampered forward, and then back to their squadrons to persuade them to a further advance. And in this way these valiant fighting men were lured to within a hundred and fifty yards of our position."

But only to be again repulsed and completely routed. Considering that Mexican horsemen, especially those of Santa Fe and Louis Potosi, are perhaps the finest in the world, and that their sabre blades, albeit not forged at Damascus or Toledo, could not be liable to the same objections as the Brummagem cartridges, such pusillanimity on the part of disciplined masses, when opposed in the open field to a mere handful of riflemen, is truly inconceivable. We should suspect high colouring, but for the corroborative evidence afforded by other accounts of the war. The military virtues of the Mexicans appear to be limited to prancing on parades, issuing proclamations ridiculously bombastic, and asserting defeats to be victories, with an audacity of lying unparalleled even in the annals of bulletins. However superior their numbers, the only battles they can hope to gain are those in which they shall be opposed to greater cowards than themselves. Such it would probably not be easy to find.

THE LATE B. R. HAYDON, HISTORICAL PAINTER.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

The fate of this devoted man will for some time to come serve to excite horror, and to stir the sympathies of the benevolent; but it is calculated to afford a grand lesson to the pretenders in taste, and to furnish an admirable subject of investigation to the sincere and intelligent inquirer. The public prints have each of them expressed their feelings, sentiments, and opinions, upon this melancholy event, marked with those partial and short-sighted views of the case, which betray and distinguish a deficiency of the knowledge of causes and consequences necessary to the task. It is pleasing, however, to see that all these notices, with one or two miserable exceptions, point to the right causes to which the want of success is to be attributed; but, at the same time, they leave them unexposed and unexplained.

The origin and mode of operation of the evils, which, as one of these journals expressed it, "are doing their deadly work below the smooth surface of our social state," constitute a theme of the deepest human interest, and would require volumes completely to discuss. Their explanation, however, lies in one short proposition, which, from its truth, has become somewhat hackneyed, and has lost some of its force by assuming the form of a truism. *There is no taste in this country for works of High Art.*

Now, whoever will look at this proposition, admitting the assertion it contains to more or less credit, and regarding it as capable of more or less proof, will naturally be led to ask how it happens that this enlightened and intelligent country, so rife in knowledge, so eager in improvement, so refined in other matters, and so abundant in the patronage of art, is so deficient in taste? An inquiring mind will not rest satisfied with what has frequently been asserted by silly people, that our situation upon the globe, surrounded by clouds, fogs, and frosts, is too far north to allow us the free use of our minds and fancies; so that we can never achieve anything great in the kind of works which demand fine feeling, poetic conception, and an exalted imagination. One would suppose that the same country which produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Byron, *might*, by possibility, produce a Raphael, or a Michael Angelo. No sensible man, therefore, will content himself with such reasons, but will look farther for the explanation. He will see at once the folly of casting at the door of heaven the evils which result from human indolence and blindness. A want of taste, and of the information which leads to the cultivation and refinement of taste, are clearly the causes productive of the evils in question.

We have arrived at the first stage of the inquiry; let us see if it is not possible to render a matter which is glanced at as mysterious by public writers, and admitted on all hands as difficult of explanation, plain enough to be generally intelligible!

What is this same taste we speak of,—this anomaly, about which men have agreed to dispute, which some believe to descend like the rain from heaven, the partial gift of nature, and others regard as a direct acquirement,—as a faculty formed by observation and study?—what are its elements, its constituents, its office, and its objects? Surely there ought not to be anything like an impossibility of explaining the nature and operation of a thing of which all men admit the existence and the use!

Taste of necessity must be one of two things, it must be *instinctive* or it must be *educational*. Of course we confine ourselves to a taste for the productions of art, exclusive of poetry, music, and so on. If taste be instinctive, there is not the slightest use in striving after it; and men such as Haydon will continue to be born, labour, and die, with but a little more or less of *that* in their favour which Nature pretty uniformly and sparingly bestows! If, on the other hand, it should be the last, what has not society to answer for in the utter neglect of those studies by which alone it is to be obtained.

Looking at the general advancement of the world, and the increasing love in matters of science and refinement, there is no fact however monstrous and inexplicable it may be, that strikes an observer with such astounding wonder and force, as that in the present systems of education nothing whatever should be done to fit the mind, feeling, and taste of the rising generation, for appreciating the merits, and of estimating the importance of art! Let any honest man look at himself, and the education he has received in art: he has been to the drawing-school as a boy, but he has learnt nothing; he has grown up; he has never read a book or a word on the subject, unless it be a newspaper criticism, or taken the slightest pains to understand even the ordinary merits of pictures, much less the comprehensive subject of art. But notwithstanding this, he ranks in society as a person of the ordinary taste; he buys what pleases him, and he praises and condemns as his "taste" directs him. Did he never stop to ask himself how he came by his information, and how it happens that he has become an arbiter, perhaps an oracle, in matters in which the lives and fortunes of a certain class of men are involved;—how it happens that, without any preparation whatever to fit him for so important a task, he finds himself in a position in which he is called upon to exercise certain functions, upon the just administration of which the welfare and the fate of art to a certain degree depend, associating with this reflection the conviction that very few of those around him are better qualified than himself?

There was once a period of the world's age, in which the study of the principles of art formed an inseparable part of the education of a gentleman; what has occurred to dispense with this requisite it is difficult to say. Once the respect for art went so far that none but the nobly born were allowed to practise

it; and at all times a *cultivated*, pure, and refined taste, has formed the greatest boast of many of the most exalted characters. We have amongst us men highly eminent for their talents and virtues, a few of whom are generously and nobly devoted to the interests of art, and some are distinguished by their devotion to objects of humanity and public good; but it is in taste alone that the mass appear as if they acted under no mental or moral responsibility! It is in art solely that a man will content himself to remain in a condition in which he would be ashamed to remain as regards any other subject, and then answer to the demands of justice, and the claims of discrimination, by saying that he has followed his *likings*. Is it too great a stretch of refinement for the ethics of taste to afford ground for an axiom, that *if art be a certain benefit to mankind, all who are interested in human good are bound to support it*?

Whoever may be struck with the propriety and truth of these remarks will naturally contemplate a remedy for the evils complained of, and being directed to the study of art as a means by which a feeble and false taste may be strengthened and rectified, will, as a matter of course, be disposed to ask how, and in what way, its aid can be called forth, and put into operation? Here, it must be confessed, we are upon the horns of a dilemma, from which there is no escape but in an alternative at once startling and disheartening. We must create new institutions, or modify old ones in such a manner that they shall be capable of affording the requisite instruction. The system pursued in the ordinary drawing-schools is not only useless, but pernicious, to speak of them generally, and without the exceptions, which are few indeed. The mere exercise of the hand and eye is all that is attempted in these establishments; nothing is done which has a tendency to open the mind to the beauties of nature, or the merits of art; to direct it in the contemplation of the painter's aim, or to prepare it for the understanding, much less the appreciation, of his end and object! No wonder, then, that art makes so useless an appeal to those who otherwise would be its friends, and lingers unheeded, or sinks into insignificance.

In whatever plan the improved sense of society may adopt for cultivating and refining its own taste, all this, and more, must be insisted upon and carried into effect, and with an intelligence, too, to which at present the subject is a stranger. Books, lectures, and artistical intercourse, must be created and multiplied. The literature and the philosophy of art, with some better notions of its history, its principles, its claims, and advantages, must be carried into the readings, and inquiries of both the old and the young, and in a few years after this shall be done, art and its patrons will stand upon very different ground in England to that they occupy at present.

In the present state of things it is scarcely to be expected that the study of art can perform any such apparent miracle as is here indicated; a few it is hoped, will yield their conviction, and some, perhaps, will have their faith shaken in the probability that a man can become all at once a competent *doctor* and *lawyer*, in the formation of his collection of pictures, any more than in the management of his health and his estate!

Whoever will look at what has been advanced without prejudice will see at least some explanation of causes and consequences involved in the neglect of Haydon, in the non-appreciation of the great objects of his life, and, alas! also in the dreadful catastrophe of his death. There are others of a public, and, perhaps, some of a private nature, which charity will pass over; but, on the whole, truth need not be ashamed to defend him in the worst that can be said against him! Few who are competent judges will deny, notwithstanding particular examples to the contrary, that the merits of the works of this devoted man are sufficiently great to have entitled him to support, to competency, perhaps to fortune, had they been understood; and far more than enough to have secured him against the false issue of a life spent in the ardent pursuit of a noble object. It will be well for art if these circumstances lead to some reflection on the part of those who pretend to taste, and affect to feel in the cause of humanity!

In justice to the public, however, it is not to be overlooked, that pictures of the magnitude and price produced by this artist, could find but few localities to receive them, and, as a matter of course, but few purchasers. There are other matters which might also be mentioned as palliations. Perhaps men are not individually to be blamed who yield only to an influence which affects the whole mass of society in which they live. The study of art in this country, and the consequent taste attendant upon it, have been almost entirely confined to its professors. We are but just emerging from a state of absolute barbarism in art, we have no past associations to assist us in forming new conceptions, nor knowledge sufficient of what we possess to guide us in the search of what we want; we might, perhaps, else have some misgivings in alluring aspirants into a department of art in which their success and their rewards appear very problematical. We are not only a different people, but are differently circumstanced to the nations of the continent. A man who has had the opportunity must be a poor patriot, and a worse observer, who does not see in this country as great, perhaps a greater capability, both in the public and in the artists, for the comprehension and the productions of art, than in any other; but this cannot change the destiny of things, many of which will ever be beyond the circle of its influence. The remark that there is no taste in *this country* for works of high art is in no degree meant to insinuate that there is a better in others; but there is *that* which stands in the place of taste, and a circumstance purely adventitious, although productive of much good, and which does not exist amongst us. This is easily explained. Italy, Germany, and France abound in writers whose object it was to explain and applaud the productions of high art. These works are in the hands of everybody; and of the little reading and study which goes to make up the education of the better classes, these works form a conspicuous part. Even the paucity of books and periodical literature in other countries contributes to this end, and acts in a way which is quite reversed in our's, where abundance and novelty take the place not only of what is good, but what is better than itself. Whilst Winkelmann has been extolling the merits of his countryman, Mengs, beyond those of Raphael, we have been left almost in ignorance that either ever existed. All persons, therefore, who are likely to be purchasers, judges, or commentators on the works of painters abroad, are prepared to admire and extol the productions of high art; and to this simple circumstance alone are foreign artists indebted for the honourable rank they hold as historical painters, and the nations to which they belong regarded as possessing a better and a more refined taste! So true is this, that the death of poor Haydon will be regarded in other nations even with greater horror than in this, whilst it may be fearlessly asserted that no painter of his powers could have fallen under a similar fate in any other country of the civilized world.

The sad event which has called forth these and other remarks, has burst upon us, and is calculated, as has been observed, "to startle the giddy and unheeding." Alas! how large a portion of the society in which we live, how great a mass of the intelligent and the kind-hearted, may be included in this category! Yet who of those who know what the struggles and disappointments of artists are,—that have watched the progress of this devoted man,—neglected, scorned,

vilified, misunderstood,—standing almost alone and unpitied in the world, could have anticipated any other end? And in what, after all, does the melancholy career of this victim differ from that of many of his brothers?—what are the two grand calamities of his life,—bankruptcy and suicide,—but an embodied illustration in the *gross*, of what it is the fate of hundreds to prove, experience, and suffer in *detail*!—to bear in silence, and sink under in obscurity. What if an artist has not been immured within the walls of a prison;—he may have lived within its gloomy and threatening shadow for the whole course of his life. What if his poverty has not been exhibited to the public eye in a schedule of his wants;—the list of his necessities, his privations, and his miseries, is to be found in the cheerless, dark, and silent recesses of his home, and seen in the aspect of all his affairs,—in the careworn looks of his wife, in the dejection of his children, and in the crushed, humbled, and helpless bearing of himself. What if the exertions he makes still preserve his credit,—he is rewarded with the privilege of ranking among the *respectable*, and, as a poor man, is quietly trampled upon, and silently neglected and despised, his talents overlooked, and his acquirements unhonoured! What if his name is not yet included in the bills of mortality, and he escapes being the subject of a coroner's inquest?—why his life has been one lengthened death;—disappointment and despair have been continually gnawing at his heart, and gradually stopping the current of his existence;—he has continued to labour and to think when repose would have refreshed him, and to grieve and despair when success would have given him new life, encouraged, and supported him; he has struggled until hope and health have left him, and he has at last yielded himself a victim to the deadly influence of that which, when concentrated in one rash and fatal act, is denominated suicide!

Poor Haydon will have turned his death, as he attempted to turn the energies of his life, to noble purposes indeed, if his fate serves as a grand lesson to society,—if it awakens but a suspicion that its condition is not so perfectly sensitive of merit as it might be,—and, above all, as regards art, that the justice due to its merits and its claims would become more apparent by the elevation and refinement of its taste. Let us hope it will be long before another victim is found whom public neglect will drive to seek for consolation in the dread alternative and the desperate hope, that should his hand fail to obtain him bread, it may at least procure a release from suffering, and a lasting repose!

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

SOME MEMBERS OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S ADMINISTRATION;

MR. CHARLES WOOD, MR. T. MILNER GIBSON, MR. HAWES, MR. WYSE, MR. WARD.

The selection by Lord John Russell of the gentlemen included in the above list to fill offices in his administration, although some of those offices are minor ones only, is alone sufficient evidence that they are in some way or other distinguished from the great mass of members of the Liberal party in the legislature. Some of them, indeed, are men of considerable talent as debaters, and, with perhaps only one exception, they are all men of a certain weight and standing in the House of Commons—men who are almost entitled to speak on any question brought before that assembly, and who can, almost without fail, command a hearing on even the most important subjects of discussion. It is, moreover, now very generally understood, that in selecting them to fill offices in the government, the new premier was guided by his desire, as far as possible, to consolidate it: that as Mr. Cobden could not, or would not, join the administration, the noble lord was content, as regards some of them, to make up in numbers what he could not obtain in personal weight and distinction, and thus expressed his resolution that the new party of which he is the head should be really and substantially an amalgamation of the different materials at his command, and not a mere revival of the east-off and dismembered Whig clique. Whether he will succeed in convincing the manufacturing and trading interests, and those of the middle and lower classes who look up to him, that such is his sincere intention, is not a matter to be discussed in this particular article; but it is only just to him to say, that taking all things into account, he could not, with a single exception, have chosen men who were more likely to prove efficient public servants, or who more accurately represented the various shades of the opinions which animate his followers. Although there is not one among them who deserves to be called an orator in the highest sense of the term, yet, as we have said, they are all more than respectable as speakers. This, and the curiosity which will naturally be felt to know something of the new aspirants for political repute at this singular crisis in our affairs, will explain sufficiently why we postpone to them for the present the claims of more able and distinguished men. Qualifications in themselves comparatively small become important when submitted to the magnifying influence of political excitement.

MR. CHARLES WOOD.

This gentleman is the individual referred to, in the exercise of a judgment which many will be disposed to regard as arbitrary and premature, as constituting the single exception to the general fitness of the appointments, as far as the subjects of this article are concerned. He has been nominated by Lord John Russell to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, one as to which the Whigs in successive governments have been almost invariably unfortunate. From the harmless and unintentional blunders of Lord Althorp—a blundering which was more the result of habit and physical causes than of real mental obtuseness—they came to the intentional error-making, the financial finesse and double-dealing of Mr. Spring Rice; thence to the honest and laborious mediocrity of Mr. Francis Baring; and now they pass to a worse alternative than either, Mr. Charles Wood, of whom the most candid and impartial person would find it impossible to say that he possesses a single acknowledged qualification for the high and responsible office he is called upon to fill. He has been in parliament many years. The practice of nepotism has afforded him undeserved opportunities, denied to abler men, of displaying any legislative talents he might possess: position has entitled him to take a sort of lead in debate, for which his oratorical powers by no means fit him. He has therefore fairly been tried, and if he be found wanting, the just and natural inference is, that his failure to achieve distinction arises from inherent deficiencies. If Lord John Russell means, like Sir Robert Peel, to be his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, and therefore gratifies Mr. Charles Wood's vanity, and the busy and earnest interference of his powerful friends, with an unsubstantial honour, why, the public will not suffer in the long run, however they may smile at so unpropitious a choice. But if it be really intended that this gentleman shall have the guidance of the vast financial affairs of this country, it will soon be discovered, in the results of his administration of them, that to be the son-in-law of one Earl Grey and the brother-in-law of another, however firmly he may have adhered to that other in the little cabals of party, will not justify his appointment to public office, although the exigencies of a minister while cobbling a cabinet may have rendered it imperatively necessary.

The task of describing Mr. Charles Wood's oratorical qualifications is an ungracious one. Criticism would be thrown away upon what presents so few materials for anything but general condemnation. Indeed, Mr. Wood might altogether be passed over confounded with the miscellaneous multitude of accidental speakers, but that he evidently does not entertain the same opinion of his own powers as their exhibition generally creates in others. On the contrary, favoured by the position which private influence has secured for him, he constantly stands before the House, taking a conspicuous part in discussions of great moment, pitting himself sometimes against the most accomplished orators on the other side, and, wholly unconscious of his own deficiencies, bestowing his tediousness upon the House to an extent, even in point of length alone, which men of less pretension and more taste would certainly avoid. He, therefore, provokes remark; and cannot shelter himself in the decent obscurity of modest mediocrity. Even negatives will not serve in this particular case. It is not enough to say, that Mr. Charles Wood is not eloquent, or not an agreeable speaker—he is positively disagreeable; and even if his self-sufficient mind could conceive an idea or a sentiment, which for its elevation of thought, or its homogeneity, might in expression become forcible or inspiring, and so infuse a transient tinge of eloquence into the unvarying monotony of his prolix talk, it would be lost in a dogmatic iteration into which he is led by his pragmatical assurance. The stale arguments and pretences suggested by the party manoeuvres of the day, unenlivened by any new views or illustrations, are reproduced in a heavy and unconnected mass of windy wordiness, occasionally chequered by some melancholy attempt at jocularity, but never impressive, and seldom convincing; and yet all the while he is quite satisfied as to the effect of his own performance, goes on with the same easy confidence, as if he were achieving the triumphs of a Russell or a Graham, mistakes the courtesy or the forbearance of the House, for admiration; and will not abate one jot of his pre-determined infliction on his patient audience, whom a fellow-feeling renders tolerant of all speakers who hold any political position whatever, unless they act in a way so outrageous as to be utterly beyond endurance. Mr. Wood's manner of delivery is not calculated to conceal the poverty of his ideas, or to atone for his prolixity and verbosity. A monotonous voice, undignified action, and a slipshod, rambling style, render still more disagreeable what some attention to elocution might otherwise make tolerable.

These defects, albeit more of the mind than personal peculiarities, might however be endured, as some kindred ones are in Mr. Baring, if Mr. Wood were really a practical man of business, who would contribute his quota of information or suggestion to the general stock, and be content with a position of modest subordination. But, like all men who are thrust by unfair means into a false position, he has no real ballast of any kind. He is not even a man of figures and statistics; his knowledge, at least as far as he displays it, being in inverse ratio to his pretensions. He is neither a good party speaker nor a man of business, but mingles the two vocations, and effectually spoils both. Official arrogance and flippancy were too often displayed by him when he was in office before as Secretary to the Admiralty; and he must be changed, indeed, since he has been in opposition, if he do not display the same qualities on a larger scale, and to a more pernicious extent, in his new and more exalted position. He will probably turn out, as a parliamentary man, the least efficient member of Lord J. Russell's administration, when his performance comes to be compared with the expectations which will be formed of one placed in so high and responsible a situation as that of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He will prove a foil even to Mr. Goulburn. Had Mr. Wood been a new or an untried man, it would have been a matter of duty to suspend judgment until he has had an opportunity of exhibiting his capabilities; but he has now been so many years in parliament, and has so completely had his own way as to the time and objects of his public displays, that a mere elevation to a higher and more onerous office does not justify any false delicacy. He might probably have made a good subordinate officer; indeed, when he held a place before, he exhibited considerable industry and aptitude; but it is requisite that he should merely fulfil, either as a minister or as a debater, some part or duty allotted to him by a superior: he is not a man of that judgment or calibre to be trusted with any post of great responsibility: and his want of parliamentary talents, and, above all, of tact, will in all probability render his other deficiencies only the more glaring and conspicuous.

MR. T. MILNER GIBSON

is unquestionably a man of unusual ability, whether in parliament or out of it; though it is not easy to see his peculiar fitness for the office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade; but, in the distribution of offices, fitness is a condition very rarely insisted upon. A prime minister too often feels himself compelled rather to consult the personal ambition or the vanity of individuals who have done him good service while in opposition, than to respect the right of the public to have the different offices of the state filled by the most competent men. So that he can collect together in his administration a number of men, the most distinguished in his party for talents or popular influence, he does not always think it necessary to be very particular in the actual distribution of places. In reference to this very office of Vice-president of the Board of Trade, the late Whig government set the example of placing it under the control of Mr. Sheil, of all men perhaps, the least fitted to deal with commercial subjects; one far more likely to dally with figures of rhetoric than to labour at figures of arithmetic. With such a precedent before us, the appointment of Mr. Gibson seems by comparison almost a good one.

In one point of view the choice seems, however, to be eminently justifiable. Lord John Russell having assumed office immediately after the accomplishment of a great and vital change in our commercial policy, and having declared that his general scheme of legislation was to carry out to their natural consequences those principles of free-trade which had been partially embodied in the tariffs and Corn-law Repeal Bill of Sir Robert Peel, it was but natural that he should desire to strengthen his government by incorporating in it some leading members of that body, the Anti-Corn-law League, by whose exertions out-of-doors repeal of the Corn-laws has in effect been carried. It was understood also that the noble lord set out with the determination of strengthening, as far as possible, his alliance with the manufacturing interest—of widening the basis of his party in order to give it more solidity. His wish to include Mr. Cobden in his administration was frustrated by the voluntary retirement of that gentleman, for a time, from the scene of his successful labours; and if, as was most probably the case, Mr. Villiers was unable to accept office in consequence of his time being so fully occupied with other duties elsewhere, the choice of a person to be the medium of the proposed amalgamation naturally fell on Mr. Milner Gibson. He was one of the most active and distinguished members of the Anti-Corn-law League; and, as the representative of Manchester chosen voluntarily by the manufacturing population of all classes in that important town, his acceptance of office would almost amount to a guarantee of some more direct connexion between the government and the commercial classes than had

even existed before. Mr. Gibson, too, is a man of business habits, and remarkable application and perseverance, and now that he is relieved from the agreeable labour of quizzing the Conservatives in parliament, or of making powerful and stimulating speeches to the people at free-trade tea-parties or on the stage of Covent Garden theatre, there is little doubt that he will devote his attention entirely to the business of his office. With his abilities, he cannot fail soon to make himself master, by the aid of those subordinates who do so much of the work and reap so little of the honour in our public departments, of all the subjects to which his attention will be called; but at present, unless he has discovered some magic by which knowledge is to be acquired without incessant and laborious devotion to the most tedious and uninviting subjects, he can scarcely be better qualified for it than was the Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil, of illustrious and ornamental memory as V. P. The mysteries of "P.Y.C." are, we suspect, at present as much a sealed book to the one as to the other.

Mr. Milner Gibson is indebted for his present elevation to his own unaided talents. He is a fresh and a striking instance of the practical liberality of our institutions (however aristocratic may be their superficial aspect), which makes it almost a matter of certainty that a man of talent will rise to high offices in the state, if he have the requisite conduct and perseverance. Mr. Gibson early displayed parliamentary talents of a high order, and, although his elevation has been more sudden than could have been expected two or three years ago, it might have been confidently predicted that if his ambition lay in the direction of office, it would at no very distant period be gratified.

But the public were scarcely prepared—Mr. Gibson himself could not have been—to expect that he would figure in the particular position he does, or hold such an office under Whig auspices. In no invidious sense of the term, he may be said to have been an adventurer, a respectable and successful one, but still an adventurer. Looking back at his career, it does not seem that he has had any necessary or natural connexion with the parties to which he has from time to time allied himself. He has traded on his talents, with an aptitude for observing the signs of the times, and an alacrity in profiting by his knowledge. He had read and seen enough to know, that even in the times of purely aristocratic parliaments a good ready speaker would always make a figure, and that since the infusion of more popular elements into the representation the chances of obtaining influence in debate, or over the public mind out of doors, were very much multiplied, if the aspirant was in every respect up to the popular mark. Now Mr. Gibson has always, even from his first appearance before the public, been able to make at will rattling, telling speeches; sometimes full of playful irony; sometimes of sound, powerful argument; sometimes of glowing clap-traps, such as captivate the vulgar. He has also that moral pliability, that happy knack of imitative enthusiasm, which enables the favourites of the multitude to throw themselves into any particular movement with well-simulated fervour. Armed to the teeth with argument to suit any or every party, well provided with the small change of popular political knowledge, and having at his full command that sword of peaceful times, the orator's tongue, he saw in the world of party his "oyster," which he with that sword hath opened. Not quite a demagogue, he has been at all times the politician militant, and now he has won the price which was, to say the least, due more to his talents than his consistency. For his path has been a somewhat tortuous one; in his party alliances he has proved inconsistent. In the blaze of his triumphs as a free-trader, the public were apt to forget that he started in the House of Commons as a Conservative, if not a Tory; that he had not been long in parliament, ere he exhibited in his proper person one of the most singular and startling instances of sudden "ratting" of which we have any record of late years, at least among men of no mark as politicians, no long-cemented and well-known character with which to play at nine-pins. For to subordinates it is not given to change long-avowed opinions with audacious impunity—to display that sublime indifference to the law of political rectitude in which more powerful persons may indulge. Mr. Gibson was a bold man to take the step he did. He openly avowed his change, if not of opinions, at least of policy, and was too honourable, or too calculating, to play the part of traitor in the enemy's camp. It was at the time universally thought that his conversion was too sudden to be sincere; it was incomprehensible how a man, who had not even the plea of state necessity in his excuse, could, within the short space of a few months, be an active partisan on both sides of the question; and there was a dashing boldness in the address in which he communicated his intention of changing his side that altogether precluded the modesty of repentant conviction. One thing was at once achieved—notoriety. What he might say and do was ever after looked to with curiosity. This was a first step to ultimate success.

For some time his inconsistency placed him under a sort of ban. He was listened to, much as Mr. Disraeli is listened to, with a reservation of blame on personal grounds. In his own conduct he oscillated between Russellism and Radicalism, apparently uncertain which would prove the better card. All the while he was gradually effacing the memory of his inconsistency, and winning his way with the House by his light and playful style of speaking, he introduced occasionally displays of argumentative power which shewed there was "stuff" in him. At length came his opportunity, that which, it is said, is given to every man once in his life. The League began to shew symptoms of its ultimate popularity and power, and Mr. Gibson, with his ready ability and popular style of speaking, alike effective in parliament and with the public, was too desirable an acquisition to be otherwise than highly prized. With his usual facility, he at once threw himself, with the requisite amount of ardour, into the struggle. He became one of the most influential of Mr. Cobden's allies, was important enough to be a sort of Tribune-Associate in cases where the chief agitator could not be present, and now, at last, he is borne easily and triumphantly into office, when the object of the League has been obtained.

From what has already been said, it will be inferred that Mr. Milner Gibson is a very agreeable and able speaker. Whether he rises to make a mere party attack, or to deliver an argumentative speech, he is equally happy and effective. If he never does any thing positively brilliant, or that would bear to be remembered after the immediate excitement has passed away, he constantly treads on the very borders of first-rate excellence, and he rarely or never fails. One cause of the effectiveness of his speeches is, that looking at him you are not prepared to expect so much sterling talent and power; you do not expect wisdom from boys, or masculine vigour from women. The small, round, whiskerless face of Mr. Gibson, handsome even in features, and still more so in its vivacious expression, his brilliant eyes, and mouth round which a smile is ever playing lightly, do not indicate the qualities or the pursuits of a popular agitator, any more than does his delicate and feminine (not effeminate) organisation. And the voice, low-toned but clear, harmonious and modulated, until it is almost fluty in sound, matches singularly with the general aspect; his action while speaking, too, being of the most unassuming, but the most graceful kind. In the House, except on great and stirring occasions, he adopts a style which looks like trifling, but is fatally effective. The tiny arrows of his wit and humour

come in quick volleys: they do not pierce very deep, but they are infinitely tantalising. This youthful, gracious looking lady-like gentleman, we have described, will rise from among the rough, common-place men who surround him, and with a well-assumed diffidence and air of drawing-room politeness, put a question to a minister (of course we speak of when he was in the opposition) that seems as if it would be of the most agreeable, harmless kind, to be answered with all the facility of a practised official. But there runs through the statement which accompanies it a vein of tormenting banter, of sly sarcastic humour, of assertion or of argument, couched in expostulation, that throws the House into suppressed titters, and is provoking in the extreme where the person questioned is personally mixed up, or where official necessity seals his lips and denies him the right of explanation. They are very hard blows, though they come from a very soft hand, and from a spirit that seems to breathe the very essence of bland gentleness. No fair-lady knight of Ariosto or Boiardo could couch the lance more gracefully, or direct its point with more keen and sure precision. And yet when you see Mr. Gibson at a public meeting you lose sight of all these qualities, and find that, for argument he is almost equal to Mr. Cobden himself, and that he can wield at will the passions of the multitude. Nor in the House is this playful vein his only, or even his ordinary, resource. In an argumentative speech he can prove himself a match for the best men; and he has thoroughly established himself as a good speaker in the opinion of that very critical body, the House of Commons. Like Lord Palmerston and Mr. Charles Buller, he combines great powers of argument with a happy use of ironical humour; if he be not quite equal to either, he strongly resembles both. It remains yet to be seen what sort of work he will make with the figures; but from his readiness and aptitude in so many different positions there is little doubt that he will soon prove himself an effective minister.

ACCOUNT OF A TOUR

THROUGH THE BRITISH PROVINCES OF NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—No. I.

Having extended our circulation beyond Canada, into the other colonial possessions of Great Britain, in the northern part of this continent; we shall be enabled occasionally to present our readers with sketches, descriptive of country and people, who, although living on our borders, are to a great extent, unknown to the inhabitants of the United States.

There are two routes usually pursued by persons visiting New Brunswick,—the one by Bangor, which is connected with Portland by steam communication, and thence through to Woodstock in two days, over an excellent road; then down the St. John to Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, by coach, in one day; and then to St. John at the mouth of the river, by a steam-boat, which leaves in the morning, and reaches Indian town above the Falls, a couple of miles from that city, where cabs are in attendance, in the afternoon. The other, and most direct communication, is by steam-boat from Boston to St. John, either calling at Eastport, or proceeding direct to St. John—as is done by the Robert Rankin, a vessel impelled by screw propellers, and calculated for a sailing vessel, as well as steam-boat. We should recommend the former route, however, to persons who prefer comfort to speed, or who would avoid the danger of groping their way, amid the tides of the Bay of Fundy, and its incessant fogs.

We took the latter course however, and left Boston on the evening of Saturday the 4th July, after the exhibition of fire-works on the Commons; an occasion in which we know not which most to admire—the ingenuity and splendour of the scene, or the good order that pervaded the immense number of persons, who were collected to view it; and who could not have amounted to less than fifty thousand. The vessel had scarcely left the wharf, before she was enveloped in fog, which continued till Monday night, when, proceeding at a reduced speed, she struck on a rock at midnight, about thirty miles west of St. John, near Point le Preau. Fortunately the wind had subsided and the sea was smooth; and providentially she had found her way into a sort of natural dock, with her bow resting on a rock on the larboard side, having amidships and astern from 14 to 16 feet water. At this time the tide, which was at half-ebb, and which rises and falls perpendicularly 30 feet, was falling rapidly; and the vessel having grounded sufficiently far aft, to prevent, as we conceived, her sliding off stern foremost into deep water, we proceeded to land the females and children, lest it should come on to blow, when this would be attended with difficulty, if not danger. We had previously, it may be remarked, sent a boat on shore to ascertain where we were; and the party were comfortably accommodated at the house of a fisherman, who came on board on her return. About six o'clock on the following morning, the ship floated, the passengers were taken on board, and we arrived at St. John about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; the fog having been dispelled by a northerly wind.

There is perhaps no where a stranger contrast, than that which is presented by the appearance of the British possessions, when compared with the activity and bustle of the United States. It is true, the harbour was at this time full of vessels, receiving on board their cargoes of timber, but this created little or no activity on the wharves; and since we last visited the place one of those extensive fires, to which the city is frequently subjected, had prostrated a number of fine stores, which have been replaced by sheds and small houses, erected for the temporary accommodation of men of business.

The population of St. John, including that of Portland, from which it is separated by a bridge, may be estimated at from fifteen to eighteen thousand souls; and on the opposite side of the harbour lies the village of Carleton, to and from which a small steam-boat plies constantly during the day; at a short distance from which is what are called "The Falls," a sort of rapid, not so remarkable for their size, as from the circumstance that they incline both ways; at low tide the waters of the St. John, which at this place find their exit, falling into the space below, and those of the Bay of Fundy, inwards when the tide is high; the descent in either case being about fifteen feet. At half tide, steam-

boats and other vessels proceed through without difficulty, when conducted by persons acquainted with the passage.

At present there is but one regiment quartered in the Province, part of which was at Fredericton, the seat of government; occasionally a small ship of war, sent to protect the fisheries, visits the harbours; and at this time the Columbia steamer, commanded by Capt. Owen of the Royal Navy—an old and meritorious officer, was there, waiting to convey the Governor of the Province, whose lady was in ill health, to St. Andrews. The vessel for the last three or four years, has been engaged in a survey of the Bay of Fundy and River St. John.

After remaining a few days in New Brunswick, we crossed to Annapolis, formerly the capital of Nova Scotia, on the opposite side of the Bay, 50 miles across, and which is situated about fifteen miles from the Gut or opening into the Basin; on the right side of which is the neat and delightful village of Digby, where we touched on our way up, and which place we left about sunset. When within some half-a-dozen miles of Annapolis, the vessel was carelessly run on a mud-flat, called Long Bar, and the passengers having made up their minds to remain all night, took to their berths. But when the tide made, even this qualified comfort was not allowed them, as the steamer was got under weigh about five hours afterwards, and at 2 o'clock in the morning they were unnecessarily called up to go on shore in a leaky boat, and the remainder of the night was passed in a more comfortable bed at Annapolis; the vessel coming to the wharf about five o'clock in the morning, when the ladies, who had not been disturbed, were more conveniently landed.

At six o'clock we took the stage and proceeded to Bridgetown, eighteen or twenty miles above Annapolis, where a good breakfast can always be obtained at Mr. Quirk's, and whence we proceeded five miles farther to Lawrencetown, on the Halifax post road. Returning in the evening, we slept at the former place, and next day took what is called the Granville side of the river, on our return to Annapolis. This is a most delightful drive, not to be exceeded for beauty of scenery or the comfort of the inhabitants, in any part of the Provinces which we have visited. Continuing our way to the Gut, we crossed over to Digby on Sunday morning.

This place is a healthful summer residence, and in the United States would be the resort of invalids and other persons, desirous of escaping from the pressure and cares of business, and the foggy atmosphere of a place like St. John, but of which they avail themselves to a very limited extent. There are great natural advantages belonging this place, from its contiguity to the fishing banks of the Bay, but which are entirely overlooked or neglected. Here too might be formed a most excellent dry dock, at a place called the Racket, by merely building a dam across its entrance, with a gate to introduce or exclude the water, and where there would be at least twenty-five feet at high tide.

This is a very interesting portion of Nova Scotia, being that part of it where the French at the early settlement of the country first established themselves, and which was at that time the theatre of frequent hostilities between the British and the French and Indians. There is abundance of alluvial deposit on the banks of the Annapolis river, secured from the inroads of the seamy dykes, constructed by the early French settlers, unintentionally for the benefit of their conquerors; most of them having since been exiled by a stern but necessary policy, from the homes they had created in a distant land.

Returning to St. John, we took the mail wagon for Dorchester, the shire-town of the county of Westmoreland, situated near the head of the Bay of Fundy; the road passing through Passes Vale and the Bend of Petticaedeac to the former place—a distance of 123 miles from St. John, and twenty-five miles from the line which separates New Brunswick from Nova Scotia. After stopping a day at Dorchester, we proceeded to Amherst, in the county of Cumberland, leaving Fort Lawrence on the right, which was also the scene of much contention and bloodshed during the old French wars, and where the Bay of Fundy terminates; passing over a bridge and dyke built some five or six years since, by which much fine land has been reclaimed, and the road sensibly shortened. On our return, however, we took the old line of road, and came by the way of Point de Bute to Sackville, eleven miles from Dorchester, through a well settled and highly cultivated country, whose inhabitants, like those of Granville, are well to do in the world, and cultivate a fertile tract of country.

At Sackville there is a flourishing seminary, which was established by the Wesleyan Methodists about five years since, owing to a munificent donation from Charles Allison Esq. who resides in the neighbourhood, and who has laudably appropriated a portion of his superfluous wealth, to the improvement of the human mind, and the promotion of human happiness. This institution we are happy to say, receives very liberal support from the Legislatures of both Provinces; and at present contains a hundred students, who are sent there by persons of various denominations, where a sound and religious education may be cheaply obtained—exempt, however, from any sectarian bias or influence.

On Sunday we returned to Dorchester, and in the afternoon rode over to Shediac, which is 23 miles from that place, but only fourteen from the Bend of Petticaedeac. Thus a ride of this short distance, takes a traveller from a place where the tide rises fifty or sixty feet, to the opposite side of the Province on the Gulf shore, where it rises but five or six; and during the recent Canadian outbreak, was found a very convenient route for dispatching troops from Halifax and St. John; being sent in steam-boats to the Bend, whence they were marched across, and received on board of others, sent from Quebec. On the following morning, we took passage in a small vessel called the Oregon for Bedeque in Prince Edward Island, which lies 43 miles due east from the harbour; across which intervening sheet of water, the mails are carried during the winter over the ice, with great risk and danger; the carrier of course starting from the nearest point on either side. A winter or two since, however, he started with passengers, who suffered almost incredible hardships, having to sleep under the

ice-boat, which they reversed to shelter themselves; and with difficulty got back to the island, having been so severely frost bitten as to render amputation in some instances necessary.

The weather after we left was extremely calm, and we had seventeen passengers—four or five of them females—exclusive of a horse belonging to an episcopal clergyman who was on board, and to which was assigned the free range of the hold. There were but four berths in the cabin, and our fare was limited to hard biscuit and butter, and tea without sugar. Getting tired of this kind of living, and after being twenty-four hours knocking about in a calm, in company with three other gentlemen, among whom was the clergyman, and who was as much at home when handling the oar as any of the others, we took the boat, and rowed to the island—a distance of seventeen miles from the vessel. The sea was literally covered with mackerel, but we did not see a solitary vessel engaged in fishing; although great complaint is made, if superior enterprise induces the Americans to attempt to snatch from the deep, some portion of that wealth which here abounds in such profusion; and of which those who reside in their vicinity avail themselves to so little purpose. We landed about 3 o'clock, after a row of five hours, and next morning started for Charlottetown, the capital of the Island, 43 miles distant. For the first nine miles the road was a perfect level, and not a stone was to be seen; it then became hilly, which is the characteristic of the centre of the Island, the opposite extreme being also level. The soil, with few exceptions, is every where a rich alluvial deposit, evidently brought there by some not very distant deluge, and not as is, we conceive, erroneously supposed, separated from the main land opposite. Dr. Lesner, who for some time was employed in New Brunswick, is at present engaged here in geological researches, and has already discerned abundance of lime—an article much required in the Island. The land is no where very elevated, and at St. Eleanor's, new Bedeque, which lies very low, when some persons were sinking a well, they found at a distance of 25 feet from the surface sand and lime, and also at seventeen feet lower down, which evidently formed parts of beds of a former ocean, which swept over a site, at present—owing to some convulsion of nature made the abode of man.

The ride from Bedeque to Charlottetown is very delightful, exhibiting a large extent of cleared and cultivated country, waving with luxuriant crops of grain, and promising the expectant husbandman, a rich return for his toil. It was very gratifying to observe the number of new houses that were in the course of erection, those which had been built by the settlers, when his axe first invaded the stillness of the forest, being about to yield up that shelter and protection, which they had before afforded, to their more attractive and comfortable successors. Nine years had elapsed since we last visited Charlottetown, which also has much improved in appearance, although there has evidently been but little growth in business. A very handsome free-stone edifice, called the Colony House, in which the public offices are to be placed and the Legislature are to meet, is fast advancing to completion; there is also a well-conducted grammar school here, a Roman Catholic College not yet quite finished, and a lunatic asylum and almshouse, which, however have no inmates. The residence of the Governor is a stately and handsome building; and a detachment of troops, annually relieved from Halifax, are stationed at Charlottetown.

We found the Hyacinth sloop of war in the harbour, in which the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia came passenger, who was then on a visit to this part of his diocese; there were one or two merchant ships in the harbour, with some small craft; and a temperance festival was about coming off, intended for the advancement of the cause, and as a source of rational pleasure, with which to relieve the tediousness and monotony of ordinary life, in this retired and sequestered spot. Unfortunately, as in the other colonies, there exists in this Island much political dissension, and an election was to be held in about a week; the probable effect of which would be, to increase the acerbity and excitement of the public mind, without producing any corresponding benefit.

We are about starting for Shediac, intending to proceed to Miramichi, returning through Nova Scotia, and in the course of three or four weeks, may again appear before our readers.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, July 21, 1846.

Imperial Parliament.

THE SEES OF BANGOR AND ST. ASAPH.

House of Lords, July 20.

The Earl of POWIS moved the second reading of the Bangor and St. Asaph Diocese Bill, the object of which was to repeal an act for the union of these sees, and the subsequent endowment of a bishopric for Manchester. The noble earl contended that funds might be found for the erection of a bishopric at Manchester from the sinecure parishes of the north of England, without destroying a see more ancient than the archbishopric of Canterbury. He pointed to the fact that three of the ecclesiastical commissioners who had recommended the union of the sees had since changed their opinion, and two of these were the Archbishop of York and the Earl of Harrowby, whose opinions were entitled to great weight. The clergy of England and Wales were opposed to the union, and the House was bound to respect this unanimous wish. As an additional reason for repealing the former act, he alleged that it had not received due consideration from Parliament.

The Bishop of LONDON supported the motion in his speech, although he declined to vote upon it, as he had been one of the commissioners. The right reverend prelate thought an increase in the number of bishops in England was essentially necessary to the interests of religion and of the church, and urged the immediate establishment of a bishopric at Manchester, for which he promised to find an endowment.

The Bishop of OXFORD warmly supported the bill, and, comparing England with Roman catholic countries, showed how much more unfavourably circumstanced her church was with regard to episcopal superintendence. But setting aside these examples, and looking to the precepts of the Reformers, he

found it constantly inculcated that the fewness of bishops raised them to such height above the people as deprived them of the power of exercising the functions inherent in the episcopacy.

The Bishop of BANGOR and the Bishop of SALISBURY both supported the bill on the ground that the church required more bishops.

The Bishop of NORWICH considered the question really to be, whether they should have two bishoprics for St. Asaph and Bangor or one for Manchester; and he could not hesitate in preferring the latter alternative, while he was prepared to support any measure for the increase of an episcopacy.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, Lord STANLEY, and Earl GREY opposed the bill on the ground that the plan of the ecclesiastical commissioners must be taken as a comprehensive whole, and that it would be unwise to detach any portion from it. The question of whether a new order of bishops without seats in the House of Lords should be created, was touched by these noble lords, but they gave no decided expression of opinion.

On a division, the numbers were—Contents, 37; non-contents, 28: majority for the second reading, 10.

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE then said he should not offer any further opposition to the bill after the decision of the House, although his opinion remained unchanged.

The House then adjourned.

* * * The Bill has since passed this House.

THE SUGAR-DUTIES.

House of Commons, July 27.

Lord GEORGE BENTINCK moved the amendment of which he had given notice—

"That in the present state of the sugar-cultivation in the British East and West India possessions, the proposed reduction of duty upon foreign slave-grown sugar is alike unjust and impolitic, as tending to check the advance of production by British free labour, and to give a great additional stimulus to slave labour."

In bringing forward this amendment, Lord George disclaimed all hostility to Ministers. Questions involving such enormous interests as were engaged in the cultivation of sugar in both hemispheres ought not to be confounded with party considerations. The subject divided itself into three heads. The first respected the interest of the British sugar-planters in the East and West Indies, and the supply of sugar to this country; the second head related to the revenue, a point touched by Lord John Russell when he introduced his resolutions; and the third regarded the condition of the African race. As to quantity he thought that Ministers had under-estimated the aggregate supply to be received from the West and East Indies and the Mauritius; and he adduced a number of authorities to prove that that supply would exceed the quantity calculated upon by Lord John Russell from all the three sources—Colonial, free-labour, foreign, and slave-grown. Great exertions to increase production in the East Indies, by the application of capital and the introduction of improved machinery, are going on; and already the annual produce of sugar there is enormous. The inhabitants, a population of a hundred millions, are large consumers of the article when the price is as low as eight rupees, but when it rises to 11 1-2 they relinquish the use of it. He had every reason to believe that the quantity to be exported would amount to 100,000 tons. From Mauritius not less than 60,000 tons is to be expected next year. Altogether, Lord George advanced the following as an estimate quite within the mark—

From the West Indies,	115,000 tons.
From the East Indies,	100,000 "
From the Mauritius,	55,000 "
Total from our Colonies,	270,000 tons,

Exclusively of the Foreign Sugar from Cuba, Java, Siam, Penang, Manilla, China, &c., there may be expected nearly 300,000 tons; whereas the greatest consumption ever known in this country was 245,000 tons. Moreover there is stock on hand of 71,000 tons; exceeding by 10,000 tons the corresponding amount last year, whilst the consumption has been less by an equal amount. He calculated that there would actually be a surplus of 110,000 tons.

Lord George next adverted to the West Indies. The sanguine expectations entertained by the friends of Emancipation, of the labour of the negroes in a state of freedom had been bitterly disappointed. The climate was so enervating, that the Negroes, though stimulated by the offer of high wages, could not increase the produce of their labour. Since their emancipation, these labourers had produced very little more than a half, and had never exceeded two-thirds as much as before.

The house had been told that the state of our manufactures required that Brazil should be open to the produce of Manchester and Birmingham—that Brazil would not take our manufactures because we would not take her sugar. That might be true; but if they gained Brazil they must lose the West Indies; and he had yet to learn in what respect any customers in Brazil or in Cuba could be preferable to their old customers in our own Colonies.

Adverting to the revenue, he could not see the grounds upon which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a right to calculate upon a gain of £725,529 from his new duties. Although it were possible that a country which had never consumed more than 246,000 tons before, should next year consume 280,000 tons, his noble friend could have no such gain to the revenue as he had anticipated.

Lord George addressed himself particularly to the subject of slavery. He did not wish to blink the question: it was a question whether or not the people of England would have the slave-trade and sugar at six shillings per hundred-weight cheaper than at present, that was two-thirds of a penny per pound reduction; or whether they would have it at a somewhat higher price, and give no encouragement to the slave-trade. He agreed with the sentiments expressed on a former occasion by Mr. O'Connell, that it was a farce to let in the slave-grown sugar of Cuba and to pay for the emancipation of the slaves of the West Indies. It was only necessary to place the question fairly before the people of England, and he did not fear for the result. At the present moment the people of England paid half a million yearly for the purpose of repressing the slave-trade, and were they prepared to contribute from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000 to add to the profits and premiums of slavery? Lord John Russell had admitted that the effect of introducing slave-labour sugar would be, not to cause the price of East and West India sugars to fall to the price of slave-grown sugar, but to make the prices of free-grown sugar and of slave-grown sugar meet—for sugar like water would find its level. If thus the price of slave-grown sugar were raised towards the price of free-grown sugar to the extent which was calculated, it would have the effect of raising the value of each slave £18 per year more than it is at present: calculating the greater amount

of work which the slave is made to perform, and assuming the life of a slave under the lash not to exceed ten years, the estimated duration in Cuba, the additional value given to the slave would be for ten years £180.

A letter had been published in the newspapers by Mr. Porter, arguing in favour of the application of the principle of free-trade to sugar; and stating that by adopting the opposite course men had "placed themselves in opposition to what we have a fair right to believe it is the intention of Providence in giving different climates and various productions to the nations of the earth; and that it is among our first duties to aid, so far as we know and can understand them, not to thwart or attempt to thwart, the designs of the Great Parent of the Universe." "What!" exclaimed Lord George, "was the Great Parent of the Universe to be brought into partnership with the Government as a partisan of the diabolical slave-trade? [Cheers from the Protectionist Members.] We have always been taught to believe that the Great Parent of the Universe declared man-stealing and the shedding of man's blood an abomination; and are we now to be told that He was to be called into partnership with Mr. Porter, the paid servant of the Crown, to encourage slavery in Cuba and Brazil, and to give an additional profit and premium to the traffic in human beings between Africa and America? Lord George repeated his remark, that the people of England would not grudge £1,500,000 annually to put down the slave-trade. If Lord John Russell drew an argument from their inconsistency in refusing to consume slave-grown sugar while they consumed slave-grown cotton and tobacco, he valued that argument at nothing: it seemed to be nothing but the old argument of the highwayman and the sheep-stealer, "If we are to be hanged for stealing a lamb, we may as well be hanged for stealing a sheep."

Mr. GEORGE BANKES seconded the amendment.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER followed Lord G. Bentinck through each of the three heads into which he had divided the subject. First, as to the supply, he contended that the colonies did not produce sufficient for the consumption of this country; that the quantity obtainable of free-labour sugar amounted only to 40,000 tons; that prices were rising; and that it was incumbent on the Government to enlarge the sources of supply. The consumption of sugar was increasing rapidly, and might be raised to a very large quantity if not checked by the maintenance of high prices. The true interest of the West Indian proprietors was, he maintained, to increase consumption, and this could only be done by reducing the cost. The truth had become apparent to the manufacturers, and the agriculturalists would soon be convinced of it. As regarded the revenue, he insisted on the necessity of providing additional income from some source. Comparing the estimates of 1835 with 1845, he found an increased expenditure at the present time of more than £5,009,000. He saw no means of reducing that expenditure, as large sums were annually required for our steam navy and coast defences; and a reduction in the army estimates was impossible. Besides, the House was not disposed to economy, but, on the contrary, many members were urging measures on the Government that would be attended with a large outlay. Education and an improved system of secondary punishments had also to be provided for, and would materially augment the miscellaneous estimates. Therefore, means must be found to increase the public income; and if the income-tax were to be ever got rid of, it would only be by the adoption of such measures as the alteration he proposed in the sugar duties, which would, he calculated, produce £4,405,000 under the new arrangement. The adoption of Lord G. Bentinck's resolution would not, he argued, preserve them from the suspicion of encouraging the slave trade while they imported cotton, coffee, copper, tobacco, and other slave produce. Nay, slave sugar was re-exported to our own colonies, where it was preferred to their own sugar raised by free labour. The whole argument founded on principle was, therefore, destroyed; and, by clinging to a theory which they could not carry out in practice, they deprived the people of this country of an article which had almost become a necessary of life. Then we exported two millions and a half of produce to Brazil, all of which was paid for with the produce of slave-labour; for a country could only pay for her imports with her productions. The argument did not stop there. Three years since we had admitted foreign free-labour sugar, of course drawing it away from the continental markets, and they in consequence only consumed a greater quantity of slave-labour produce. It was a self-evident fact that, to whatever amount we took away free-labour sugar, the vacuum would be filled up by the slave-grown article. He would not admit that the greater productiveness of slave-labour asserted by Lord G. Bentinck, and asserted that free labour in Mexico produced twice as much as the same amount of slave-labour in Cuba. Finally he declared his conviction that the wholesome stimulus which competition would apply to the West Indies, aided by capital and machinery, would enable those islands before the lapse of five years to furnish the greater portion of the supply of sugar to this country. In the mean time the Government would give every facility to the planters for obtaining labour, and every relaxation they asked for would meet the most careful consideration.

Sir ROBERT PEEL explained how he came to the conclusion that he must support the Government measure—

At an early period of the session, he announced on the part of the late Government, that it was their intention to give greater facilities and encouragement to the admission of free-labour sugar. That measure, so proposed on the part of the Government, would have continued the exclusion from the markets of this country of sugar the produce of slave-labour; but it would have admitted at lower rates of duty than the present that sugar which is the produce of free-labour and of foreign countries, in competition with sugar the produce of our own possessions. From the many peculiarities connected with the case of the West India planters, he and his colleagues thought that in dealing with them they were justified in departing from ordinary rules, and to provide for the allowance of a considerable time before subjecting them to competition with countries placed under very different circumstances. The engagements, too, into which the late Government had entered for the suppression of the slave-trade, placed them in a peculiar position—engagements, in fact, that violated all the principles of international relations. Under these circumstances, it was their intention to give a further period to the colonists, particularly to the West India colonists, in order that they might be enabled to bear the competition with slave-labour. The House had sympathized with the description which had been given by Lord George Bentinck of the abomination of the slave-trade; and if it could be shown that by raising the price of sugar 1d. or 1 1-2d. a pound an effectual stop could be put to the horrors of that trade, he believed that the public would willingly submit to that further sacrifice.

Entertaining apprehensions which he was afraid others did not entertain, that the measure now under consideration may give, at first, a stimulus to the slave-trade, it was not without great reluctance that he had come to the conclusion to give his support to the proposal. "I do so on this ground—I am forced to consider other than the mere abstract merits of the question. I am forced to consider the position of parties and the prospects of forming another Government, I

agree with the noble Lord, that there ought to be no sham and delusive opposition. I agree with the noble Lord (George Bentinck) that if there be opposition to the measures of her Majesty's Government, it ought to be an opposition intended and calculated to be fatal to that Government. I believe it would be possible by a combination to displace the noble Lord (John Russell); at least I believe it would be possible by such a combination to prevent the success of the measure the noble Lord has proposed. I think it would be possible, by the union of different parties, by appeals to the feelings and passions of the people of this country, to raise a temporary impediment to the success of the noble Lord's measure. But I feel bound to ask myself the question, 'Is it consistent with my duty to sanction that combination, and to lend myself towards promoting it?' I think it is not." The late Government had been displaced by a vote which was a tantamount to a withdrawal of confidence. He yielded respectfully to that decision; and Lord John Russell was called by her Majesty to form an Administration, apparently with the general concurrence of those by whom the late Ministry had been displaced. Lord John had made a proposal for the formal adjustment of this difficult and long-debated question; and Sir Robert was prepared for that proposal. Looking at the opinions entertained by Lord John, and expressed in resolutions moved by him or given notice of to the House, Sir Robert could not have expected him to resume office without making such a proposal for the settlement of the question.

It is better, perhaps, that the question should be thus met at once, than that the country should be left in uncertainty. "There would be advantage, no doubt, in delay; because there are parts of this measure that require serious consideration, and which I hope will yet receive serious consideration from the noble Lord. There is the question of the admission of molasses, and the adjustment of the spirit-duties, matters which I hope will be well considered by the noble Lord. There is also the subject of additional labour to our Colonies; though I have doubts whether this will, for some considerable time, be productive of any great effects. Give every encouragement you can to the immigration of free labour; and I think you ought to disregard imputations that you feel to be unfounded, such as that you are encouraging the slave-trade by so doing, if you are conscious that you are not. If you take care to place those coming into your Colonies on fair terms, I am in favour of a free encouragement of the immigration of labour. But with all the encouragement you can give, I am afraid there are many difficulties to surmount. Speaking in the first place of the West India Colonies, the expense of bringing the natives of Africa is very great; and observe, unless you accompany the immigration of the males with the due supply of females, you encounter risks of the most appalling kind. Of this I am sure, that for the purpose of promoting the ultimate success of the experiment, it is of the utmost importance there should be a due admixture of women. Therefore it is that, entertaining less sanguine expectations of the effect of the introduction of free labour than do many who have paid more attention to the details of the subject, I hope the noble Lord and her Majesty's Government will take to themselves the time to consider what are the benefits which they can give the West India proprietors, so as to enable them to enter into competition with countries where slavery still exists. However, I was putting the question—do I feel myself justified in entering into a combination for the purpose of displacing the noble Lord from the Government within six weeks from the period at which he acceded to it? Gentlemen seem to think you may safely enter into that combination, for that the noble Lord will still keep his seat. I do not know how he would act; but I think the noble Lord, under the circumstances in which he accept power, being defeated in so important a measure as the present, would not only be prepared to abdicate power, but would be fully justified in doing so.—("Hear!" from Lord John Russell.)—Those who compel him to abdicate power are bound to ask themselves whether in the event of success, they are prepared to undertake the Government.—(Cheers.)—Why, there are circumstances in the history of every country when that question must be asked by those who enter into combinations to subvert a Government. Two Governments have existed during the last six weeks: shall we have a third?—"Hear, hear!" If so, on what principle? Shall it be the restoration of the late Government?—"No!" from the Protectionists.—I entirely concur in that sentiment.—(Cheers and laughter.)—I do not think that the late Government, having withdrawn from office in consequence of the signification that they had forfeited the confidence of this House, if it were to follow a course by which at the end of six weeks it might be restored to office, would be doing that which would be altogether creditable.—("Hear, hear!")

What chance have they of increased means of governing this country? I believe none; and therefore all this only confirms the line I have taken, believing that it would not be for the benefit of the country to displace the Government of the noble Lord. (Cheers.) Well, then, with respect to others, the advocates of protection—I mean to speak of them with all the respect that is due to their conscientious advocacy of their own opinions; but at any rate they cannot be surprised that I should not be willing to lend myself to a measure which would have the effect of placing in power those who not only are the advocates of protection, but who are bringing forward this resolution, not only for the purpose of defeating the Ministerial measure, but of recalling and revoking that great change which has lately taken place. There must be many gentlemen in this House who cannot but cordially concur with me in thinking that defeating the noble Lord on one question, in order to make way for a Government to succeed him who would be bound together by no common principles of governing the country, would not be a creditable course of action. (Cheers.) I for one am not prepared to take the consequence of the success of the resolution of the noble Lord opposite, by displacing the noble Lord, and by being again restored to power; and it seems to me that the situation of parties at the present moment, and the general aspect of affairs, compel those who concur in the noble Lord's (Lord George Bentinck's) resolution to take the question into their serious consideration, what will be the result of displacing from power those who have held the Government for the last six weeks? If it could be shown that, in that event, a Government could be formed which would be enabled permanently to resist the introduction of slave-labour sugar into this country, then I should say, that the honourable Member for the University of Oxford, and those who sincerely concur with him in thinking that at all risks slave-labour sugar should be excluded from this country, would be justified in adhering rigidly to their principle. But what I doubt is, whether in the present state of public opinion, and in the present state of parties and of the affairs of this country any Government that could be formed would be able permanently to resist the introduction of slave labour sugar. If this country could feel a confidence that such a Government could be formed, and the Colonies could feel a confidence that the principle of excluding slave labour sugar would be adhered to, they might acquiesce in the formation of such a Government. But is there any hope that any Government could permanently support the principle that articles of slave labour produce should be prevented from coming into this country? Lord George Bentinck's resolution itself did not affirm that slave labour

sugar shall not in any case be introduced. In fact, the resolution is very much the same resolution as that of the noble Lord the Member for Liverpool, [Lord Sandon,] in 1841; and it leaves the introduction of slave labour produce into this country dependent very much on the supply there may happen to be of free labour produce; should the produce fall short and prices rise, the amendment would, under certain conditions and modifications, admit slave labour produce into this country. He doubted whether any Government could be formed on the principle embodied in that amendment. He thought that all parties, both West Indian and East Indian, attached great importance to a permanent law; and this is comprised in the Ministerial proposition. "I did not expect to have passed a permanent law this year, had I remained in office. I only contemplated a measure for continuing the present sugar duties for the present year; and I greatly doubt if any Government that could be called to power would long retain office that proposed a measure that did not involve provisions for the permanent settling of this question. I think, therefore, that the Government has acted well in what they have done with regard to this question."

Sir Robert concluded thus—

"I shall not harass them [the Ministry] by a vexatious opposition on the details of this question. The advice I give them is disinterested, and my advice is, that the noble Lord, intending to discourage slave labour as much as possible, as his intention and aim must be, he will give the best encouragement he can to free labour, and concert with his colleagues such measures as may be calculated to enable those who have nothing but free labour to depend upon to contend with the competition that they will have to encounter, so as to give as little as possible encouragement to the abomination of slave labour. Believing, then, that this measure, if obstructed now, must ultimately be carried, and believing that if it is to be carried no one is better suited to carry it than the noble Lord, I am come to the resolution, certainly not without reluctance, as I said before, of supporting the principle of the measure."

Mr. PHILIP MILES believed that the effect of the measure would be to throw out of cultivation many estates in the West Indies. The fault of diminished production was not attributable to the planters, but to the Executive Government who ever since emancipation was carried had refused to listen to any complaints the colonists had to make. It was the want of labour and the high price they had to pay for that had led to the present state of things. He himself had always been of opinion that emancipation had answered every object that was expected of it; and from what he had seen of Cuba and Louisiana, free labour, if properly carried out, would be far cheaper than slave labour.

Mr. BORTHWICK censured Sir Robert Peel's speech; and declared that, whatever might be the consequences to the Ministry, he would on all occasions exclaim, "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum," and vote according to his conscience. It was said that the supply of sugar from the East Indies could be great increased; but what was this but the production of sugar by slave labour? Were not the Pariahs on the banks of the Ganges bought and sold? If not, who were bought and sold?

Sir JAMES GRAHAM (to whom Mr. Borthwick appeared to address this question) was understood to remark, that it was difficult to know who were bought and sold. (Laughter.)

Mr. DISRAELI, although an attentive listener to the speeches delivered in favour of the Government measure, could find no feature, no characteristic, which made them answers to the speech of his noble friend Lord George Bentinck. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in his speech appeared to him to have met the first proposition of his noble friend by opposing to it an assumption, to the second an hypothesis, and to the third a sophism. Mr. Disraeli was prepared to sustain all the positions of his noble friend. [Mr. Disraeli proceeded to lend his aid, in his own peculiar manner, at great length, with much elaboration, and often with amusing point and verbal pleasantry, that do not bear condensation.]

Lord John Russell had told the House that the Anti-Slavery plea wanted "completeness," for they tolerated the use of slave-grown cotton and tobacco; but when Clarkson, and at a subsequent period Wilberforce, addressed those districts of the North of England which originated the great movement against slavery, at the moment when were pronounced the thrilling words that touched the heart of a great nation, when the horrors of that traffic were first revealed to the pure conviction of this country—he would ask the noble Lord, whether at that moment the fabrics of the North of England were not fed with cotton the produce of slave-labour? He would also ask whether, when the public men of that day, seeing that the question would be carried, put themselves at the head of the movement, and delivered addresses to public assemblies in which were expressed with uncultured eloquence the true convictions of an unlettered people—whether that people of England did not then smoke, and snuff, and chew—whether they had not for two hundred years been smoking, snuffing, and chewing slave-grown tobacco?—Those facts destroyed Lord John Russell's case. Dr. Disraeli controverted the position that the proposed measure would not encourage the traffic in slaves. He adduced figures to show how much more valuable, in a commercial point of view, the West Indies are to England, than those countries that produce sugar by slave-labour. He did not, however, oppose the resolutions because they were antagonistic to existing arrangements for the suppression of slavery, but because they are hostile to what he considered a valuable fragment of the Colonial system of England. For the moment these were old-fashioned notions, but in his belief they would yet be furnished up by national approbation. He believed that Parliament would ere long be called upon to rebuild the old structure of protection. The history of England is a history of reaction. The Church, the Monarchy, the House of Lords, even the House of Commons, had been destroyed by turns; but each had been restored.

"We heard last night a funeral oration delivered over the Abolition cause by the noble Lord the Member for Liverpool. I thought that if the subject was not choice, the orator at least was chosen. When I remembered another speech that the noble Lord (Sandon) made on the same subject at a very remote period, I must say that he is the last person I should expect to find venturing upon a criticism of the resolution of my noble friend. The resolution of the noble Lord the Member for Lynn, whatever else may be its failings, did not contain the prudential parenthesis with respect to free labour sugar to be found in the resolution of the noble Lord the Member for Liverpool. Whatever my own private opinion on the matter may be, still I cannot presume to inform the House which is an authentic speech of the noble Lord. The noble Lord's speech of last night was his speech, I suppose, by courtesy; but the speech by unction, I would say, was his speech of 1841. Among all the strange things we have heard, it is that which makes complete the scenes of this eventful session. To see the noble Lord the Member for Liverpool on a hoghead of sugar, in a white sheet, holding the taper of penance in his hand, and crying 'Peccavi!' (Cheers and laughter.) The noble Lord at the last election had carried before him a wooden Bible. I am of opinion that the speech we heard last night was

the wooden Bible speech; I believe that the *litera vera* was the speech of 1841. (Much laughter.) Notwithstanding the default of this chosen champion of Anti-Slavery, still we might have fought the battle of the good cause had we the assistance of the right hon. Baronet the Member for Tamworth. The right hon. gentleman made a speech which appeared to be an admirable resume of every argument that could be adduced against the resolutions. No one understands the West India question better than the right hon. Baronet. There is not a detail that has escaped his subtle and vigilant attention: nay, more, the warning that he gave the noble Lord, to take care that if he had immigration of free labourers there should be a sufficiency of females, will, I hope, not be lost. (Laughter.) But, sir, great was the mortification of myself and my friends when we found that speech terminated by a resolution that was fatal to all our hopes. But I must say that the reason that was given for the vote of the right hon. gentleman was less ingenious and more surprising than most of the arguments that we have heard even from him. If the right hon. gentleman really is convinced—if there is no doubt as to the opinion which he expressed with so much ability—is it possible that the fate of the Colonial empire—of a population under such remarkable circumstances—of the fate of such great interests, which, if not national, all must admit are most important and extensive—are they to be sacrificed for such minute considerations as who shall sit upon that bench? Sir, I said a few minutes since, that if we go to the hustings and tell the people of England that fifty millions of their treasure have been spent in prosecuting a delusion, they might, perchance, have some misgivings as to the excellence of this Parliamentary government under which they have so long been living; but, Sir, when they are told that it is not a question of fifty millions, but may be of five hundred millions—of countless treasure—of principles which they appreciate beyond all treasure—that are given up by one, the most gifted of our assembly, against his conviction—for the sake of party convenience—for the calculation who shall be the Minister of England—then I say, farewell to the government of the Parliament of England. The right hon. gentleman told us, indeed, that he could not, under the circumstances of the case, act otherwise than he did, because he could not see how a Government could be formed. Sir, I will not stop to notice the indecorous mode which has crept into this House of always supposing the Government of this country is to be appointed and selected, not by one out of this House in a higher position, but by the House itself: but this I will tell the right hon. gentleman, that, in my mind, his forte lies not so much in forming a Government as in destroying it."

Towards the close of his speech, Mr. Disraeli was profuse in compliments to Lord John Russell; and he expressed an opinion that Lord John, if defeated on this question, would not be called upon to resign.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in reply, reviewed the tendency of the amendment, and the speeches of Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli in support of it. The amendment affirmed principles which went far beyond a mere condemnation of the Government proposal: it did so by declaring adherence to the principles of commercial protection, and asserting that the Government measure is calculated to give a stimulus to slavery. In upholding the Anti-Slavery view of the question, Lord George Bentinck, in reply to the argument founded upon the introduction of cotton, copper, and other slave productions, had said that this was nothing more than justifying one wrong by another. "But, sir, I do not admit the wrong. I do not admit that it is wrong to take slave-grown cotton, or slave-grown rice, or slave-grown tobacco, or any of those other slave-grown productions. I do not admit that it tends to humanity, that it is wise, that it would further the cause of humanity in the world, if you were to declare that in your tariff, and in your customhouse books, you would take an exact account of the means by which certain products were first produced, and afterwards brought to the vessel in which they were imported to this country. Will any man say that the commercial intercourse of this great country with Asia and Africa has not tended to mitigate those barbarous practices, and to mitigate slavery where it has existed in India and other countries: and, on the whole, reviewing the state of the world, has not produced a far more civilized and far more happy relation between man and man than would have been the case if you had proceeded on the narrow and exclusive principle of what seemed to be the humane, but which turned out to be the barbarous and injurious policy." He was sorry to hear the statement that several planters had resolved to discontinue the cultivation of their estates; he was sorry to find that there are people so dispirited: but if other persons would take these lands, put machinery upon them, and cultivate them with vigour, there would be no better speculation in any English colony. Alluding to Mr. Disraeli's theory of the tendency of this country to retrace its steps, Lord John said—"The honourable gentleman made, I think, some very curious remarks as to the policy of this country. His observations led to the conclusion that this country always retraces its steps. A statement more unexpected by me could not have been made. No doubt, there may be particular cases in which Parliament may have found it necessary to modify its proceedings: but has this country ever gone back after it has adopted an improved system—after it has thrown aside the fetters of prejudices, and cast off errors that are exploded? That, sir, is not the characteristic of the English people. I do not refer now to what occurred in those times of violence when the Throne and the Parliament were scattered by the decisions of a House of Commons, acting with usurped authority, and governing solely by the sword. But, speaking from those days when we have had anything like regular government, after the restoration of the house of Stuart, I think there can be nothing more prudent, nothing more regular, nothing more beautiful to the readers of history, than the progress which this country has made. In those day of which I now speak, personal liberty was not safe; the subject was liable to be seized and sent to a distant prison. The Habeas Corpus Act was passed to remedy that abuse. Has the country ever retraced its steps in respect to that statute? Have we ever since said that personal liberty ought to be dependent on the will of the Monarch?" Has anybody ever said that the Bill of Rights ought to be repealed, the censorship of the press restored, and the Toleration Act repealed, the slave-trade revived, or Catholic disabilities reenacted? Lord John's opinion was altogether opposite to Mr. Disraeli's. He was convinced that "when questions have been ripened by discussion, and when the leaders of Parliament have taken their parts in any great measure which tends to secure the liberties of the people of this country, and when the mind of the country has been once awakened and has duly weighed the proposition, and the question has thus been settled and decided—when great questions which have been so determined have been finally determined, they have been carried without convulsion, and remained without risk of repeal."

In allusion to the suggestion that defeat need not lead to the resignation of the Ministry, Lord John remarked, that if he were tamely to acquiesce in such an amendment, it would expose his Government to contempt, injure the dignity of the Crown whose servant he was, and cause some diminution even of the Glory of the country. "To hold office in the degraded position which I should occupy if the resolution of my noble friend were carried, against the first measure

which I advised since I came into office—to hold power in that debased position, would be a permanent injury to the constitution of the country; and I should not be doing justice to my Sovereign if I continued, under such circumstances, to hold office any longer."

The House divided—For the motion, 265; for the amendment, 135; Government majority, 130.

PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL.

Never was the town of Liverpool so strongly and enthusiastically excited as on the occasion of the visit of Prince Albert, who had kindly consented to lay the foundation stone of "The Sailors' Home," and to open the new dock, which, for ages to come, will be known by his name. The extensive arrangements made to give his Royal Highness an adequate reception, and, through him to pay homage and fealty to our Gracious Queen, gradually took hold of the public mind; private individuals became roused, and the tide of enthusiasm throughout the whole town, and on the opposite shore, continued up to the Prince's departure for London. The first move was made by the Committee of the "Sailors' Home;" and when it was found that there was a probability of the Prince's coming to Liverpool, the Dock Committee, and subsequently the Town Council. Had the matter remained in the first hands the Committee might have cleared a fund of some £10,000 or £15,000, by the sale of tickets, towards the expense of the building, &c.

The preparations were commenced by the Corporation. They have refitted and beautified the splendid suite of rooms in the Town-hall, at a great cost, and on a scale of magnificence which has rendered them, as a series of apartments on one floor, perhaps the finest in Europe or in the world.

THE PRINCE'S DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.

His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, left London at six o'clock on the morning of the 30th of July. He was received at Euston-square by Mr. Glyn, the chairman, and Mr. Creed, the secretary of the London and North Western Railway, and Captain Huish, the secretary of the Liverpool department of that great railroad concern. The train was accompanied to Liverpool by Mr. Glyn, Mr. Creed, and Captain Huish, and the journey performed in 5 hours and 31 minutes. For safety, orders had been given that the Prince should not be conveyed in less time than 5 1-2 hours. But so perfect were all the arrangements, under the direction of the above gentlemen, aided by the experience of Mr. Charles Lawson, the deputy-chairman, that the whole journey could, with perfect safety, have been accomplished in four hours. From London to Wolverton (52 miles) the time occupied was *sixty-eight minutes*!

The Prince was accompanied to Liverpool by Lord Morpeth, the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Ingestre, Lord Lennox, Colonel Bouverie, and G. E. Anson, Esq.

The carriage that conveyed the Prince from London to Liverpool was the one which the directors of the company had expressly built some time back for the use of her Majesty and his Royal Highness. It is beautifully fitted up, lined with blue satin, and having the royal arms emblazoned on the top. A supply of portable gas had been provided for the royal visitor, in the event of light being required on the upward trip. Richly gilt, inside and out, with the body of a fine chocolate colour, it presents, as a vehicle, every requisite to charm the eye, and impart comfort to the inmates. The windows are of plate glass, and great taste, as well as great expense, have been bestowed upon it.

At every station, from London to Liverpool, and at various other places on the road, were thousands and thousands collected to pay homage to the husband of our beloved Queen, as he passed like the flight of the swallow along the iron railway, from the British metropolis to this great northern emporium of commerce. On the arrival of the train at Birmingham the Mayor and commandant of that military depot were in attendance when the Prince's train passed onward to Liverpool. At thirty-one minutes past eleven o'clock the stately train descended the tunnel (which is nearly one-and-a-half miles, running completely under the town), and entered the station at Lime-street.

HIS ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

The Prince alighted from his state carriage upon a platform, covered with crimson cloth, and was received by the Directors of the railway, a portion of the Town Council, Lord Fitzclarence, Lord Sandon, Lord Talbot, and a number of gentlemen resident in Liverpool. A guard of honour, and an escort of the 4th Light Dragoons were in attendance. As the train entered the station the band struck up "God save the Queen," the cannons fired, the bells rang merrily, every hat was off, every eye was fixed upon the illustrious stranger, and every tongue whispered "blessings, and happiness, and honour, attend the life of the husband of Queen Victoria, and the father of England's future monarch." Every point which commanded a view of the station was crowded with spectators, whose hearty cheers appeared to gratify the Prince, and the noblemen and gentlemen that accompanied him.

His Royal Highness left the station in about five minutes after his arrival, escorted by a body of the 4th Light Dragoons, who had been despatched to Liverpool for this especial occasion, (for he it known to our Colonial and American readers that this great town and port, numbering nearly 500,000 peaceful and loyal inhabitants, has no barracks and require no soldiers to keep them in order,) and proceeded at a slow trot to his temporary residence in St. Ann's-street, used by the Judges when at Liverpool on the northern circuit.

Here the Prince remained about three-quarters of an hour, during which he partook of some refreshments; and, after dressing, entered the royal carriage, and proceeded through St. Ann-street, Islington, Lime-street, Parker-street, Church-street, Lord-street, and Castle-street, to the Town-hall. The whole line of streets presented a scene, in our brief space, not to be described—flags, banners, wreaths of flowers, and thousands of spectators, lined every nook and corner, even to the chimney top, where a glimpse could be caught of "the observed of all observers."

At about twenty minutes past twelve, a loud cheer from the populace facing the Castle street front of the Town-hall, announced the approach of some person of distinction. It was the Mayor's state carriage; and the bystanders had been most industriously informed that the Prince was to go here, there, and everywhere, in the Mayor's carriage (a close shut up vehicle), which would have afforded his Worship what he desired, the exclusive privilege of seeing the Prince. This we repeatedly contradicted, knowing that Royal carriages had been ordered to Liverpool. Our assertion was doubted; however, our authority we knew to be indisputable; and we assured our friends that the people of Liverpool would see the Prince passing through the streets in an open carriage and four, and her Majesty's subjects would have the gratification of being gracefully and kindly recognized by the illustrious visitor. On the carriage drawing up at the Town-hall door, out jumped the Mayor and our excellent Recorder; the former gentleman informed the company that the Prince had gone to St. Ann-street, and might be expected shortly.

Immediately after, addressing the members of the Council, he desired them, on the entree of his royal highness, to walk in parties of four, arm-in-arm, up the grand staircase to the ante-room, where the address would be presented. He also took the opportunity of stating, that it would be contrary to etiquette to salute the Prince with a cheer on his arrival. At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Henderson, the popular and kind-hearted Recorder, arrived, dressed in his official costume, with wig and gown. The appearance of this legal functionary, so attired, caused an audible expression of merriment, in which he good humouredly joined, and then commenced a volley of friendly badinage with the parties in his immediate vicinity. Mr. Henderson heard and retorted the jokes at his expense with much humour and readiness.

PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS.

Upon reaching the small drawing-room, which was already almost filled with elegantly dressed ladies, the address was read by the Recorder, and afterwards presented to the Prince. The address was as follows:—

"TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT.

"The Humble Address of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Liverpool."

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS—We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Liverpool, desire to greet your Royal Highness with a cordial welcome, and to express the satisfaction and joy which the arrival of a Prince so exalted in station, and so justly entitled to every tribute of respect and esteem, has diffused throughout this loyal borough.

"This visit to a seat of mercantile industry, your consent to sanction and grace by your presence the opening of new accommodations to trade and shipping, and your purpose to take part in founding an institution for the advantage and welfare of sailors at this port, are manifestations to us most gratifying of your princely regard for the commerce of that wide empire, with the destiny and history of which, your Royal Highness, in sacred union with our Most Gracious Sovereign, is so auspiciously, and, as we fervently hope, so lastingly connected.

"Our town boasts not of monuments of ancient art and magnificence, but the flags which, from every quarter of the globe, countless in number, now wave in sign of welcome on the waters and along the shores of the Mersey, attest the successful energy by which, under the blessing of Providence, the port of Liverpool has been rendered conducive and subservient to the progress of manufactures, the intercourse of nations, and the happiness of mankind; and we trust that a view of various public works and buildings, now advancing to completion here, will satisfy your Royal Highness that a spirit of useful enterprise still lives amongst us, to derive fresh vigour and encouragement from the proceedings of this day.

"Filled with sentiments of the most respectful attachment and regard, we pray that your Royal Highness may long share the happiness of a Queen who reigns in the hearts of her subjects, and with her continue to adorn the loftiest sphere with a brilliant example of public and private virtue."

On its conclusion the Prince delivered the following reply:—

"I experience the greatest satisfaction from the cordial welcome which the address you have just presented to me give me upon my arrival in this town.

"I am glad to perceive that my coming amongst you, in order to take part in two ceremonies connected with your mercantile industry and enterprise, should have been gratifying to you, and, on my part, I have only followed the bent of my own inclination in at once responding to your kind invitation.

"Your expressions of loyalty and attachment to the Queen cannot fail to be most satisfactory to me, and, I am sure, will be felt as such by her Majesty."

The Prince and suite then proceeded in the royal carriage down Water-street to the Egremont Pier, the whole neighbourhood of which was crowded with thousands of spectators.

THE EXCURSION ON THE RIVER.

His Royal Highness and suite reached the pier at about half-past one o'clock, to the satisfaction of the assembled crowd, and amid general applause from all in sight of her, the "Fairy" received her royal passenger on board, and immediately commenced steering in the direction of the Black Rock, thus passing the Clarence and Waterloo Docks, in sight of the opposite ferries, affording the Prince an opportunity of seeing the localities by which the river is bounded, and the spectators an opportunity of seeing his Royal Highness, who appeared delighted with the splendid view that presented itself to the eye, and frequently moved his hat in acknowledgment of the greetings thus borne to his ear, *en route*. Continual salutes were fired on both sides of the river, and from several fine vessels lying at anchor.

The "Fairy" was several times stopped at the request of the Prince, who was anxious to obtain some particulars relative to the navigation of the river.

From the Rock Fort, also from the mail steamers and other vessels at anchor in the Sloyne and throughout the river, numerous salutes were fired. Indeed, owing to cheap trains or cheap steamers having been run from every surrounding town from which there is an easy communication, as well as from many ports in Ireland and Scotland, the river presented an appearance more animated than had ever been witnessed. It has been computed and we believe correctly, that Liverpool, on this occasion, had an influx of half a million of visitors.

OPENING OF THE ALBERT DOCK.

It was about half past two o'clock when the "Fairy," preceded by several well-manned boats, approached, amidst tumultuous applause, the closed gates of the new dock, as yet unemployed, and only waiting the royal sanction to bring its resources into requisition. The scene at this moment defies description, and puts the imagination on the alert to discover anything in the wide annals of the past that could vie with it.

All eyes were turned in the direction of the entrance; the beautiful little yacht, amidst a loud salute and the shouts of the multitude, sweetly gliding through the yielding gates. Every hand and voice was raised, while those who through the courtesy of the Dock Committee, had been accommodated with seats, stretched their sight over the enlivening scene. The royal boats, with their jolly tars, saluted her by raising their oars, the military band at the same instant commenced "Rule Britannia." Having fairly entered the dock, the "Fairy" made for the centre, and then completed a circuit round it, from west to north, stopping alongside the east side, soon followed by the William Stanley, a vessel with her yards crammed to the topmast, and a variety of other smaller ones.

In the course of a few minutes the temporary stair case, covered with crimson cloth, was lowered on the "Fairy," and his royal highness ascended, amidst vociferous cheering from the assembled crowds.

THE DEJEUNER.

The ceremony of opening the Albert Docks being concluded, the Prince and special guests, amounting in all to upwards of eleven hundred, retired by means of a temporary staircase, erected for the purpose, to that portion of the ware-

houses connected therewith, arranged and fitted up for the reception of his Royal Highness.

The Prince was conducted to his seat preceded by the chairman, Mr. Moore. The repast which was not only sumptuous but very conveniently arranged, being concluded.

The Chairman rose and said—May it please your Royal Highness: Ladies and gentlemen, by the gracious permission of his Royal Highness, I am privileged on this joyous occasion to propose the health of our sovereign Lady the Queen. (Applause.) In doing so, I trust the cheers which have been heard by his Royal Highness to-day will reach her Majesty, and convey to her, through the medium of his Royal Highness, the respect, the duty, and the loyalty of the people of Liverpool. I give you the health of her Majesty the Queen, and long may she continue to reign in the hearts of her people, as she now does, and in their affectionate regard and esteem.

The toast was drunk with nine times nine, and one cheer more.

A short time having elapsed,

The Chairman again rose and said—Ladies and Gentlemen, I have now the honour to propose the health of our illustrious and distinguished guest, who has honoured us with his presence on this occasion. (Much cheering.) It contrasts strongly with by-gone time, when we see the princes and nobles of the land assembling among the merchants and trading community of the country. The trading community has contributed largely to the greatness of this country. Every thing that goes from this remarkable island to every part of the world is accompanied with the message of peace and good-will to mankind at large—(Hear, hear, hear.)—In every package of merchandise that leaves our shores there goes forth to the world the best of missionaries; because it is promoting that interchange and good-will between different nations which ought to prevail over all the earth. (Hear, hear.) It is the extension of our commercial relations alone that will put an end to the inhuman, the disgraceful traffic in human flesh. It is commercial extension alone that will effect that object. Therefore, I say, it was worthy of the condescension of his Royal Highness to honour us with his presence on this occasion. I give you the health of his Royal Highness Prince Albert; and I trust that this, his first visit to the loyal town of Liverpool, may not be the last.

The toast was drunk and succeeded by tremendous cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. After the excitement had somewhat subsided,

His Royal Highness, who seemed much pleased and impressed with the imposing scene before him, rose, and with much confidence and grace, said—I trust I may be permitted to return you my best thanks for the kind way in which my health has been proposed and received. The recollection of the splendid sight I have witnessed to-day will never be effaced from my memory. (Loud applause.) I beg to propose a toast which I hope you will all heartily join in. It is "Prosperity to British Commerce."

This toast was the signal for renewed cheering, which continued for some time. After the lapse of about ten minutes, his Royal Highness, attended by his suite and friends, accompanied the chairman once round the room, thereby affording all an opportunity of feasting their sight, and then retired, an open carriage being in attendance (with an escort and outriders) to receive him.

The whole affair from beginning to end, was judiciously and thoughtfully managed; every thing having been taken into consideration that could gratify and add to the comfort of the numerous visitors. Too much praise cannot possibly be bestowed upon the chairman and active members of the Dock Committee, who one and all actively exerted themselves at some labour and inconvenience, to render the scene worthy of his Royal Highness.

His Royal Highness, after the *dejeuner*, proceeded to the Prince's Dock, the gates of which were closed to the public. After going round the dock and inspecting it, he proceeded to the South Corporation School, from thence to the Blue Coat Hospital, where he arrived about half-past five. The Prince was first introduced to the boys' school-room by Mr. Foster, accompanied by the treasurer and trustees of the institutions, where the lads were formed into lines, and his Royal Highness inspected them. His Royal Highness expressed himself highly gratified with the discipline and general appearance of the boys and girls, and also of the musical abilities of the juvenile band.

The Prince then proceeded to inspect the Assize Court in Lime street, and shortly afterwards took his departure for St. Anne street, where he was received with great applause. His Royal Highness, throughout his route from the Albert Docks, was warmly and enthusiastically received by a loyal and joyous people.

Throughout the day St. Anne street was a point of attraction, and presented a scene of animation not surpassed by any other part of the town. The strong scaffolding erected in front of the houses, the stands, the balconies, and the windows were densely crowded, and the streets were thronged with multitudes of eager gazers. On the arrival of the Prince the street became almost choked with people, who poured from all points towards the temporary abode of the Prince.

At twenty five minutes past seven an escort of the 4th Royal Blues arrived, closely followed by two of the state carriages, magnificent vehicles, drawn by four horses richly harnessed. The Prince graciously bowed to the crowd, and entering one carriage, drove off at a brisk trot. The other was occupied by the gentlemen in attendance. His Royal Highness was attired in full dress, and wore the badge of the Order of the Garter. The carriages proceeded by the same route as in the morning, and his Royal Highness was throughout received with hearty cheers.

THE BANQUET.

This sumptuous feast was provided by the Town Council, and took place in the grand ball-room. The tables were literally crowded with silver plate of the most chaste and massive description. On the Prince's table five massive gold candelabras were placed, and between these gold-mounted crystal jugs and vases. The other tables were ornamented with elegant silver candelabra, flower-stands, covered dishes, &c. On the centre oblong table an elegantly wrought piece of silver plate was placed. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, containing figures of horses, with riders clad in armour.

For costly display, brilliant effect, and elegant arrangement the banquet at the Town-hall was never even approached in Liverpool. The tables were covered with a profusion of French dishes, prepared in the first style by a number of cooks from the metropolis, who have been here during the last fortnight perfecting the arrangements. The massive and costly gold and silver plate was displayed with the most perfect taste, and the effect was magnificent.

On the plate of his Royal Highness were the "bills of fare," inclosed in two bands; on the one was a beautiful embossed cameo likeness of her Majesty, and on the other the arms of England, both of which he most minutely examined, and afterwards handed them to his Gentleman in Waiting, pointing with the forefinger of his right hand to the Queen's portrait, and directed that especial care should be taken of it.

His Royal Highness was waited upon during the evening by two servants from Buckingham Palace.

Tha Mayor presided.

On his right sat his Royal Highness Prince Albert; on his left Standish, Esq., the High Sheriff. At the principal table we also noticed the following guests:—Lord Morpeth, Lord Sandon, Earl Talbot, Marquis of Aberscorn, Lord Lennox, Viscount Ingestre, Viscount Brackley, Lord William Poulett, Lord James O'Brien, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Right Hon. Wm. Ewart Gladstone, Sir A. Douglas, M.H., Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, K.C.B., Major-Gen. Sir Wm. Warre, the Dean of Chester, the Recorder, Rev. Rector Brooks, Edward Cardwell, Esq., M.P., Wm. Browne, Esq., M.P., Thomas Thornely, Esq., M.P., G. E. Anson, Esq.

A Military band was stationed in one of the small ball-rooms, and, during the banquet, played many favourite airs. The following ladies and gentlemen also formed an excellent glee party:—Miss Mary Swain, Miss Holden, Messrs. Ryalls, Gillow, Armstrong, Evans, J. Scott, Boothby, Roberts, and George; Mr. George Holden officiating at the pianoforte.

The dinner lasted two hours, and after grace had been said by the Rev. Rector Brooks, the dessert was laid on the table. At eleven o'clock.

The Mayor rose to propose the first toast—he spoke in so low a tone of voice that we could scarcely catch what he said. We, however, understood him to say—My Lords and Gentlemen, the health which I have the honour to propose is, the health of her Majesty. (Applause.) It has always been responded to in the most full and cordial manner within these walls; but never has an occasion presented itself on which we have been equally cajoled upon to express our heartfelt and warmest acknowledgment, for now we are honoured with the presence of an illustrious guest, his Royal Highness, the beloved consort of her Majesty. (Tremendous cheering.) We are not only led to contemplate the exalted station of his Royal Highness,—(Hear, hear!)—the brilliant example of parent and husband which he has set,—(Hear, hear!)—not only how he is bound up with the destinies of our country,—(Hear, hear!)—but we are feel—and who has not felt it this day?—how deeply, yea, and how very greatly his Royal Highness shares in all our principal pursuits. (Loud cheers.) How more acceptably can we drink the health of our beloved Queen than by letting her know, as her loyal subjects, how her beloved Prince participates in our vocations? I drink the health of her Majesty Queen Victoria! May God bless her.

The toast was drunk with three times three, and enthusiastic cheers.

"God save the Queen!" was then sung in excellent style by the glee singers the whole company standing and joining in the chorus.

The Mayor rose again and said—My Lords and Gentlemen, let us drink the health of her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

The Mayor, after a lapse of a few minutes, again rose, and said—My Lords and Gentlemen, I have now the honour to propose the health of his Royal Highness, Prince Albert—(cheers)—whose presence and kind attention have rendered this an ever-memorable day in the annals of Liverpool. (Enthusiastic applause.) In what sense the town estimates this high distinction, I think, I trust, his Royal Highness has learned in no equivocal language from the animated countenances of tens of thousands, and from the enthusiastic voices of hundreds of thousands, who have hailed his presence this day. (Hear, hear!) I believe our interests in the welfare of the Prince cannot be questioned. You need not be told, I am sure, with what interest his Royal Highness has ever condescended to come down from his exalted station to promote the interests of mankind in general. You need not be told of the encouragement he has given to the fine arts,—(Hear, hear!)—encouragement enlightened by his cultivated taste and judgment—(cheers)—but, above all, you need not be told how promptly he comes forward to promote the worthiest and noblest objects, especially when benefits are to be conferred upon the humbler classes. (Loud cheers.) His presence to day is to us a magnificent proof of the interest he has taken in our welfare. (Renewed cheers.) When the Albert Dock was commenced, and when it was dedicated to his Royal Highness by name, we had no expectation that his Royal Highness would grace its opening amidst the joyous and animated acclamations of thousands. (Hear, hear.) But we celebrate not merely the visit of his Royal Highness to gratify the desire of a loyal people, however noble that is in itself; nor yet the fact that we are honoured in beholding the consort of her Majesty as our guest; nor yet that he comes to encourage mercantile pursuits, and to add lustre to mercantile speculations and enjoyments; but we celebrate, also, the fact that he comes to forward an institution designed to elevate the character and promote the welfare of our seamen—(loud cheers)—in order that our brave tars, whose marches are on the mountain wave, and whose home is on the sea, may find a home when the perils of the ocean are past, to secure them against the still greater perils on shore. (Great cheers.) This is the great purpose for which his Royal Highness has come; this is one in which her Majesty rejoices, and therefore I have great pleasure in proposing "Health, prosperity, and happiness to his Royal Highness Prince Albert."

The toast was most rapturously received, the whole company rising and cheering vociferously.

As soon as silence was restored, his Royal Highness rose, and said—I thank you for the very kind manner in which you have received the toast, and am very glad in having this opportunity of expressing to you how sincerely gratified I feel at the very kind reception you have given me in this town. (Loud cheering.) It has always been a cherished wish of mine to visit this seat of commerce; and all I have seen to day has far surpassed my anticipations. If my visit here will assist an object of charity, reflecting credit on your liberality, I shall be happy. *I am glad to find you desirous of promoting the comfort of those who, by their toil and labour, and exposing themselves to many dangers, are contributing to that prosperity which I have this day seen.* (Tremendous applause.) I have now to propose to you "Continued prosperity to the town of Liverpool." (Drank with three times three, and cheers.)

Immediately after the arrival of the express train from London (half-past eleven o'clock, p. m.), a messenger arrived with a letter for the Prince from her Majesty. It was inclosed in an envelope, and sealed with the royal arms. His Royal Highness opened and read it with marked attention—it was written on note paper, and comprised eight pages; on each sheet, at the top, was an embellished impression of the royal arms. After perusing it, the Prince placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, and immediately afterwards rose from his seat and retired, the whole company standing as the Prince left the room.

The company then immediately separated. Late as it was (a quarter to twelve) the crowd and excitement seemed to have abated but little, for all along the streets through which his Royal Highness passed, thousands were lingering, reluctant to find their domiciles until they had another view of the royal person.

The illuminations were very general, particularly in Lord street, Church street, and Bold street, and the streets were so crowded that they were almost impassable. Gorgeous banners met the eye in every direction. There was sus-

pended from the Anti-Monopoly Association a beautiful silk flag, of blue ground and white fringe, with the following inscriptions: On the side facing the Town-hall, "Our Queen, our Country, and our Commerce;" on the side facing the docks, "Prince Albert and Unfettered Industry;" and on the side facing the Town-hall was a crown on the middle of the flag; and on the other side, a beehive, with the representation of bees flying round it; and at the end of the pole on which it was suspended was a splendid crown.

Friday.—Another glorious morning. The sun, bathing in a flood of brightness houses, streets, and rivers, awoke the whole town to more than a renewal of the enjoyment of the preceding day. The glass was up and so were the people.

The excitement of the first day of the festivities appeared, like jealousy, to "grow by what it fed on." From "morn till dewy eve," the whole population seemed to have turned out to enjoy the brilliancy of the weather, and the gaieties of the occasion. All business was suspended, and the streets in every direction rendered rapid locomotion impossible, owing to the crowds which lined them. The day was delightfully fine, but intensely hot. Nothing was reserved for yesterday, saving the procession and the laying of the stone. At every street end through which the procession passed, carts, cars, and every imaginable vehicle from which a view of the procession could be had, was in requisition, while the balconies were filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gallant gentlemen, intent upon the glories of the scene.

THE PROCESSION.

Soon after ten o'clock the Mayor, Town-clerk, Clerk of the Peace, and other officials, proceeded to St. Anne street. The Committee of the Sailors' Home had invited the subscribers to that institution to meet them in this vicinity, in order to join the procession in the proper place, and to escort the Prince to the site of the Sailors' Home, to lay the corner stone of which was the principal object of the visit of his Royal Highness to Liverpool. The various trades who were to take part in this magnificent cavalcade had their respective positions appointed, and it is marvellous that, with so many vast and unweildy bodies of men in narrow avenues, beneath a broiling sun, and pressed on by a vast and eager multitude, the procession was marshalled with so much facility and good order. It began to move at half-past ten o'clock, and passed the Prince's temporary residence in order to afford his Royal Highness a view of the splendid pageant.

His Royal Highness, as soon as the procession began to move, took his station outside of the balcony, and in the most courteous manner acknowledged the greetings with which he was received as the procession passed.

The crowd was so dense and the heat so great that several persons were carried away in a fainting state.

The procession was one of the most imposing we have seen during a thirty years' residence in Liverpool. It continued its course along the route which had been arranged amidst the continued acclamations of the people.

The procession moved so slowly that his Royal Highness sent an intimation to the committee, that unless some plan were adopted for the purpose of expediting his approach to the site, he should have to depart without performing the ceremony, as he could not defer the time of his departure, and thereby cause uneasiness to her Majesty, who would be expecting him at a certain hour. In consequence of this, the procession filed, and the royal equipage passed through reaching Canning-place at ten minutes to three o'clock.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

The scaffoldings, or steps, round the site of the intended Sailors' Home were crowded by a highly respectable assemblage, including many ladies in elegant attire. The galleries round the four sides of the site of the building presented a most beautiful and picturesque appearance. The outward semblance was still more striking. Numerous parties were on the east top of the Custom-house, provided with all kinds of flag decorations. The houses and warehouses on the south and east side were fitted up with scaffolds in the lower stories; the window frames being taken out from top to bottom; and the whole facade of each building, as well as the apparently dangerous and lofty roofs crowded to excess. The parties who had first, by ticket, obtained access to the site of the Sailors' Home, became considerably exhausted by standing or sitting in expectation of the coming of the procession, which arrived certainly much beyond the expected time.

Within the area of the site, previous to the arrival of the procession, were Earl Talbot, Lord Ingestre and Lady Ingestre, whose beauty attracted every eye; James Aikin, Esq., the Chairman of the Sailors' Home, John Nelson Wood, Esq., Thos. Sands, Esq., Dr. Raffles, Josias Booker, Esq., and others.

On alighting from the carriage the Prince was welcomed by Mr. Aikin, who conducted him to the site. A crimson carpet was laid down for him to walk on. Many of the clergy, corporation, and *elite* of the town, including a number of naval and military officers, assembled round the foundation stone.

The interesting ceremonial was commenced by Mr. Cunningham, the architect, exhibiting to his royal highness beautifully prepared drawings of the intended building.

Mr. Councillor Tyer then presented to his royal highness a small glass vessel, in which were a few coins of the present reign, struck this year, and a list of all the donors to the Sailors Home, printed on vellum. This his royal highness placed in a cavity in the stone; after which Mr. Tomlinson, the hon. secretary, presented a larger vessel, containing copies of all the newspapers in Liverpool.

Charles Cotesworth, Esq., vice chairman of the institution, next handed to his royal highness a thick brass plate, silvered on one side, with which he covered the orifice.

A mallet, plumb rule, and level, in mahogany, the workmanship of Mr. Haigh, were then handed to his royal highness, with which he tried and proved the stone.

James Aikin, Esq., the chairman of the Sailors' Home, then came forward and presented the trowel to his Royal Highness, with the following address:—"May it please your Royal Highness,—As chairman of the Committee of the Liverpool Sailors' Home, it is my duty to express to your Royal Highness our grateful acknowledgements and thanks for your kindness and condescension in consenting to lay the first stone of the building to be erected on this site. Your Royal Highness is already aware that the great object of the establishment is to benefit the seamen frequenting our port, to improve their condition and their character, and to rescue them from perils of the shore, often more dangerous than those to which they are exposed at sea. That this object will be effected by the means proposed is no longer a question of doubt. The business of the Sailors' Home has already commenced, and is now in active operation. During the last fifteen months, in premises hired for the purpose, characters of six thousand seamen have been registered, and five thousand have been shipped on voyages, and in vessels of their own selection. The wages of a still greater number have there been paid, and a safe deposit

for their money has been provided. The savings' bank, in addition to the bank of deposit, forms an important part of our plan; and the success of this arrangement already presents a fair prospect of inducing those improved habits which arise out of a feeling of prudence and independence. In no place is such an establishment more needed than in this great port, and although we regret that it has been so long delayed, we find satisfaction in the knowledge that we find satisfaction in the knowledge that we have now received the most zealous support from all classes of the community. Our beloved Sovereign has been graciously pleased to become the patroness of this institution, and for the management of its affairs we have on the committee, combined with the principal shipowners of the port, the valuable practical aid of several who have themselves experienced the various and arduous duties of a sailor's life. Under such auspices, we are confident that, when this building shall be completed, we shall realise our most sanguine expectations, and that the Liverpool Sailors' Home will prove not unworthy the patronage of her Majesty, and of the support and countenance of your Royal Highness. Allow me most respectfully and most sincerely to congratulate your Royal Highness for having endeared yourself to the people of this nation, by associating your illustrious name with institutions formed for religious, scientific, and philanthropic purposes, by these means securing the triumphs of peace and the blessings of Christianity; and for having this day added to your well-deserved popularity by recording your self as the friend of the British sailor. It now only remains for me to perform the pleasing duty of presenting to your Royal Highness this trowel, for the purpose of enabling your Royal Highness to lay the first stone of our Liverpool Sailors' Home."

The reading of the address was frequently interrupted by the loud applause of those within hearing. Mr. Aikin read it in a clear, loud, and emphatic tone of voice.

The Prince then read the following most gracious reply:—"I return you my best thanks for this loyal address, which gives a most gratifying account of the state of this institution and its future prospects. I join with you in fervent prayer, that the realisation of its praiseworthy object, towards which this town has shown such liberality, may be further ensured by the solemn act we are about to perform, and in which it has given me the greatest pleasure that you should have invited me to take a part."

The Prince then spread the mortar and the stone was lowered into its place, while the immense assemblage sang "Rule Britannia!" The Prince struck it three times with the mallet, and applied the plumb line, &c.; after which the Rev. Rector Brooks offered up a long and appropriate prayer, and also the Lord's prayer.

His Royal Highness joined audibly in repeating the Lord's Prayer, and at its conclusion responded with a hearty Amen. The Rev. Rector Brooks then pronounced the benediction.

Three hearty cheers were then given for the Prince, and three for the Queen, when his Royal Highness took leave of the authorities, and returned at a rapid pace to the Railway-station where he arrived at sixteen minutes to four. In the course of eight minutes, during which he walked up and down the station, he departed for London in an express train.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR-OFFICE, July 21.—11th Regt. of Foot: Assist.-Surg. R. Dane, M. D., from the 29th Ft. to be Surg. v. West, dec.—12th Ft., Ens. G. R. Littlehales to be Lt. by pur. v. Holder, who rets.; H. A. Norris, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Littlehales.—12th Ft.: Capt. J. E. G. Emsall, from h.-p. 1st Drag. Grds. to be Capt. v. Brevet Maj. H. C. Wade, who ex. h.s.; Lt. D. Ratray to be Capt. by pur. v. Emsall, who rets.; Ens. J. F. Worcester to be Lt. by pur. v. Ratray; R. Peel, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Woolhouse.—29th Ft.: A. M. Macbeth, Gent. to be Assist.-Surg. v. Dane, prom. in the 11th Ft.—34th Ft.: Lt. T. Still to be Capt. by pur. v. Dickenson, who rets.; Ens. M. G. Best to be Lt. by pur. v. Still; C. Thorold, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Best.—66th Ft.: Lt. D. Campbell, from h.-p. 57th Ft. to be Lt. v. Marshall, app. Paymstr.; Ens. S. Blake to be Lt. by pur. v. Campbell, who rets.; J. W. H. Williams, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Blake.—1st West India Regt.—Ens. T. Clark to be Adj. v. Bingham, who resigns the Adjutancy only.—Royal Canadian Rifle Regt.: Lt. S. Blake, from the 55th Ft. to be Lieut. v. Knight promoted Brevet—Capt. J. E. G. Emsall, of the 13th Foot, to be Major in the Army. Hospital Staff—To be Assist.-Surg. to the Forces—W. Westall, M.D.; T. Parr, M.D.; G. F. Fletcher, Gent. *Memorandum*—Lieut. John Pye Woolcock, of the 56th Ft., has been permitted to assume the surname of "Pye," instead of that of "Woodcock," and should therefore be styled Lieut. "John Pye Pye." The Christian names of Ensign Williams, of the 41st Ft., are Fleming Gough Howel Games.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, July 18.—Royal Regt. of Artillery—Brevet Major J. Eyre to be Lt.-Col. v. Smith, ret. on full-pay. Sec. Capt. F. Dunlop to be Capt. v. Eyre; Firt Lt. A. H. Graham to be Sec. Capt. v. Dunlop; Sec. Lt. T. Lambert to be First Lt. v. Graham.

WAR-OFFICE, July 24.—3d Drag. Guards—Cornet E. H. Turton to be Lt. by pur. v. Coote, who retires; A. D. Monteath, Gent. to be Cornet, by pur. v. Turton. 1st Regt. of Ft.—Lt. J. A. G. Campbell, from the 79th Ft. to be Lt. v. Leader, who exchanges. 3d Ft.—Assist.-Surg. G. F. Cameron, M.D. from the 63d Ft. to be Assist.-Surg. v. Gordon, promoted to the Staff. 14th Foot—Ensign R. Macdonald to be Lt. without pur. v. Hamilton, deceased; Ensign E. B. Thorp, from the 93d Ft. to be Ens. v. Macdonald. 25th Ft.—Ens. A. C. Smith, from the 79th Ft. to be Ens. v. Dickson, app. to the Rifle Brigade. 36th Ft.—A. V. Bond Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Birney, who rets. 63d Ft.—J. K. Carr, M. D. to be Assist.-Surg. v. Cameron, app. to the 3d Ft. 79th Ft.—Lt. T. L. Leader, from the 1st Ft. to be Lt. v. Campbell, who ex.; E. W. Cumming, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Smith, app. to the 25th Ft. 93d Ft.—W. G. A. Middleton, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Thorp, app. to the 14th Ft. Rifle Brigade—Sec. Lt. C. P. Pennington to be First Lt. by pur. v. Brown, who rets.; Ens. A. H. Dickson, from the 25th Ft. to be Sec. Lieut. by pur. v. Pennington. 1st West India Regt.—Ens. and Ajt. T. Clark to have the rank of Lt.; Ens. G. Jones to be Lt. by pur. v. Dobson, who rets.; S. D. Stubbs, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. vice Jones. Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Lt. W. H. Mansel, from the half-pay of the 16th Ft. to be First Lt. v. A. Watson prom.; Sec. Lt. J. Hill, to be First Lt. by pur. v. Mansel, who rets.; W. H. Humphreys, Gent. to be Sec. Lt. by pur. v. Hill. *Memorandum*—The removal of Lt. W. G. Bindon, from the 97th Foot to the Royal Newfoundland Companies, on June 19, 1846, has been cancelled. The Christian name of Ens. D'Arcy, of the 36th Ft. is William, not Francis, as previously stated.

WAR-OFFICE, July 31. 5th Ft.: Sec. Lt. A. W. Palmer, to be First Lt. by pur. v. Sleight who rets.; G. J. Stewart Gent. to be Second Lt. by pur. vice Palmer. 6th Ft.: To be Capt. without pur.; Lt. J. C. Mansergh; Lt. E.

Staunton. To be Lt. without pur.: Ensign W. L. Pennefather, from the 19th Ft.; En. P. A. Mosse; En. T. F. Puleston, v. Staunton. To be Ens. without pur.: F. A. Sandwith Gent. C. H. T. B. de Ruignes, Gent.; H. King, Gent. v. Mosse; G. Clarke, Gent. v. Puleston. 19th Ft.: J. G. Anderson, Gent. to be En. without pur. v. Pennefather, prom. to the 6th Ft. 26th Ft.: Brevet Major J. Paterson to be Maj. without pur. v. W. J. D'Urban, who ret. upon h.-p.; Lt. C. Cameron to be Capt. v. Paterson. 40th Ft.—Capt. G. A. Stanley, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. R. Norman who exchanges; Lt. A. A. Nelson to be Capt. by pur. v. Stanley, who ret.; En. A. R. Rundle, to be Lt. by pur. v. Nelson; The Hon. W. C. W. Coke to be Ensign by pur. v. Rundle; Lt. J. W. Thomas to be Adj. v. A. A. Nelson, prom. 51st Ft.—Lt. H. S. S. Burney from the 25th Ft. to be Paymaster v. J. Gibbs, who ret. upon half-pay. 60th Ft.: Sec. Lieut. G. Warburton, to be First Lieut. by pur. v. Robinson, who rets.; F. C. Fletcher, Gent. to be Sec. Lieut. by pur. v. Warburton. 68th Ft.: Capt. M. Mulhern, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. J. E. Dyer, who exchs.; Lieut. C. S. Grant, to be Capt. by pur. v. Mulhern, who rets.; Ens. J. E. L. Gower, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Grant; W. G. Stevenson, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Gower. 74th Ft.: Ens. W. K. M'Leod, to be Lieut. by pur. v. Mayo, who rets.; J. C. Taylor, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. M'Leod. 80th Ft.; Ens. P. F. De Quincey, to be Lieut. without pur. v. St. John, who rets.; W. H. Kerr, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. De Quincey. 85th Ft.: Capt. B. Taylor, to be Maj. without pur. v. H. J. French, who rets. upon h.-p.; Lieut. T. E. Knox, to be Capt. v. Taylor. 87th Ft.: Brev. Maj. F. H. Robe, to be Maj. without pur. v. T. O'Brien, who rets. upon h.-p.; Lieut. W. P. Lea, to be Capt. v. Robe. Unatt.: Brev. Lieut.-Col. S. R. Warren (Maj. on h.-p. unatt.) to be Lieut.-Col. without pur. Brevet: Capt. M. Mulhern, of the 61st Ft. to be Maj. in the Army. Staff: Maj. T. O'Brien, of the 87th Ft., to be Deputy Adj.-Gen. to the Forces serving in the Leeward and Windward Islands, (with the rank of Lieut.-Col. in the Army), v. Lieut.-Col. Hort; Maj. W. J. D'Urban of the 26th Ft., to be Deputy Quartm.-Gen. to the Forces serving in the Leeward and Windward Islands (with the rank of Lieut.-Col. in the Army), vice Lieut.-Col. Archer; Maj. H. J. French, of the 85th Ft. to be Deputy Quartm.-Gen. to the Forces serving in Jamaica (with the rank of Lieut.-Col. in the Army), v. Lieut.-Col. Warren, who resigns. *Memorandum*—The appt. of Mr. George F. Fletcher to be Assist.-Surg. to the Forces, on the 21st July 1846, has been cancelled. The Christian names of Ensign M'Leod, of the 42d Ft., are John Chetham, not Cheetham, as previously stated.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, July 30.—Ordnance Medical Department—M. Combe, Gent., to be Assist.-Surg. v. Savage, promoted.

Foreign Summary.

Mrs. Lockhart, sister-in-law to the editor of the *Quarterly Review* has been admitted into the Roman catholic church. The widow and family of the late John William Bowden, to whom the second volume of Mr. Newman's parochial sermons was inscribed, have entered the pale of the Roman church.

A Mesmeric Infirmary is stated to have been established in London, by voluntary contribution, "for the application of mesmerism to the cure of diseases, and the prevention of pain in surgical operations." The Earl of Ducie is named as the president.

On Monday, the first-rate bakers, at the west end of the town, lowered the 4lb loaf from 9d. to 8 1-2d.; the second-rate bread from 7d. to 6 1-2d. per 4lb. In the Blackfriars Road, Westminster, White-chapel, and other populous parts, the cheap bakers offer very fair bread at 5 1-2d. and 6d. the loaf.

—The Earl of Besborough is the first Irish resident nobleman who has filled the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland since the reign of Charles II., when James Duke of Ormond was Lord Lieutenant.

The distinguished East Indian *Dwarkanauth Tagore* whose movements in England and France have been attended with so much interest, died in London on the 1st. His family have been known for many years as among the most wealthy in Calcutta.

Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, died at Leghorn of apoplexy, on the 24th ult., aged 67.

The Pope of Rome has granted a general amnesty for all political offenders.

The christening of her royal highness the Infant Princess, third daughter of her majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, took place on Saturday evening 25th July, in the chapel, Buckingham Palace. She was named "Helena Augusta Victoria."

Viscount Morpeth, as chief commissioner of woods and forests, had appointed Mr. R. J. Mackintosh, son of the late Sir James Mackintosh, to be his private secretary.

The Sugar Duties and the West India Interest—It was generally rumoured on 'Change to-day (Monday), that the West Indian interest would not attempt to oppose the ministerial plan regarding the sugar duties, as far as the bringing in of the bill is concerned, but that they would endeavour to obtain some concessions in committee.

Ireland—Mr. Redington is the first Roman Catholic who has filled the office of Under Secretary for Ireland.

The Repeal Association was engaged on Monday and Tuesday, to which it adjourned, in a squabble, of nearly a personal character, between the two sections into which it has for some time been notoriously divided, of "Old Ireland" and "Young Ireland," as represented by the followers of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Smith O'Brien. The latter gentleman was present, and addressed the meeting at some length, as did Mr. John O'Connell, a Mr. Reilly, and one or two others. The parties were very courteous to each other, but evidently entertain no mutual good will. The result appears likely to end in the disruption of the whole folly; at which the Irish people, if they have any common sense, cannot fail to be delighted. The rent for the week was announced to be £109 4s 8d.—At the meeting on Tuesday, Mr. Meagher was justifying the adoption of physical force, which caused great confusion, and Mr. John O'Connell asserted that, by his advocacy of physical force, Mr. Meagher had virtually ceased to be a member of the Association, and unless the Association agreed with him in his view of the matter, he (Mr. J. O'Connell) would no longer continue to be a member of it. A scene of the utmost confusion and excitement ensued, in the midst of which Mr. Smith O'Brien, accompanied by all the members of the "Young Ireland" party in the meeting, left the hall, intimating that they had ceased to be members of the Repeal confederation. After a short lapse of time, and when tranquillity was somewhat restored, Mr. J. O'Connell expressed his heartfelt sorrow at the course which Mr. Smith O'Brien and his friends had thought proper to pursue. In moving the adjournment of the Association to Monday next, he observed that he might undertake to promise that on that day his father would

be present, who should endeavour, as far as in him lay, to heal the wound which had just then been inflicted on Ireland. The meeting then separated.

The importations from abroad, in the first half of the present year, amount to 74,676,000 francs. They show a decline of upwards of a million as compared with 1845. Reduction of tariffs is ascribed as the cause. Among the articles which have declined, figure cotton and wood.

The Intelligence from the French squadron of evolution sets forth that the crews are admirably disciplined, and execute the manœuvres exceedingly well. But it is stated that all the heavy vessels are wretched sailers.

Another attempt has been made upon the life of Louis Philippe, by a man named Joseph Henrie, 53 years old; he fired two shots at his Majesty, but fortunately without injury to any one.

CARD TO CAPT. MATTHEWS.

On Board the Great Western, Aug. 8, 1846.

The undersigned, passengers in the steamship Great Western, on her eighty-fifth passage across the Atlantic, desirous of acknowledging their obligations to the agency, by which they have been brought, under the guidance and blessing of God, so near the haven where they would be, do hereby tender their hearty thanks to B. R. Matthews, Esq., the able and excellent commander of the Great Western, for the invariable courtesy and judgment which have distinguished his intercourse with his passengers and which have greatly contributed to the uninterrupted harmony and quiet that have prevailed among them; and do also at the same time bear witness, with the many others who have crossed the ocean with this favourite commander, to his great care and strict fidelity in the discharge of his official duties.

F. A. Huntington, G. Edwards, Jas. L. Moore, Geo. B. Osborn, H. Gunney, C. F. A. Hinrichs, W. S. Wilbey, C. H. Sheelar, J. D. Ogilby, R. Nelsen, G. W. Lurman, C. D. Hazen, N. Carter, S. A. Rulon, G. W. Kruger, P. Smithen, De Schroeter de St. Marie, J. W. Wills, J. Wolff, T. Davidson, Gevelot, N. F. Baker, W. M. Gibson, J. Jeffries, Jrr, P. Brady, N. Kahn, M. Stitiheimir, R. Kell, H. Kelly, C. L. Case, C. F. Storm, A. Exall, A. B. Strange, W. H. Powell, T. Scott, Wm. Perrin, J. Brooks, R. Gillespie, Dr. T. Tittman, J. Mehony, A. McTavish, T. W. Storrow, Jr., T. May, E. Bartlett, J. Haslett, W. J. Brook, W. Ibbotson, J. McKowen, M. A. Zani de Ferranti, R. Kitting, J. W. Rulon, E. M. Greenway, J. H. Greenway, Wm. W. Taylor, A. G. Hull, F. Lottney, A. Leopux, T. Gourdy, F. Leech, G. Drucker, J. G. Taylor, E. Caylere, Jas. Smith, T. Lockhart, Jr., W. J. Gravis, J. Knower, Jas. M. Warnoth, J. Thompson, A. Alsmanns, G. B. Morewood, J. G. H. Vanden Huvel, C. Ahrenfeldt, B. W. Spacke, P. Smith, J. S. Connolly, Fras. Taylor, Charles B. Elliman, Morris Lennaler, Simon Auld, J. Comah, G. Leclere, E. Pauchet, N. Berry, H. McCall, H. S. Lossett, Pedro Sabate, Frank Cheney.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 7½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1846.

The Mail Steamer *Caledonia* brings our European files of news to the 4th inst.; they are of an interesting character, and there is not a little of considerable importance.

The change of persons in her Britannic Majesty's public councils fails to cause the least distraction to the general tranquillity or to the harmony of the Royal mind, for in fact it is more a change of men than of measures; and the glorious policy which Sir Robert Peel was so highly instrumental in implanting is rather extended than varied by his successor, and is liberally watered and fostered by Royal management and the art of reigning well.

The Whigs come into office at this time under the most favorable circumstances, and nothing can speedily disturb them in their career, except one or both of the two following cases; a woful deviation from the line they have laid down for their governance, or—the old rock on which they have often struck already—disturbances among themselves. It is well known that her Majesty's political education has been of a Whig nature, and that it was most reluctantly she first received Sir R. Peel as her minister and Premier; the Queen will doubtless offer every facility she constitutionally can, to the party with whom her earliest public associations harmonise, she will be glad to find that the great man, whose talents won for him her approbation and esteem, can conscientiously accord with and support their measures, that the country at large is with them and the policy they possess, and that they no longer have a powerful hereditary branch of the legislature to contend against. Liberalism—rational, moderate, but onward liberalism,—is the acknowledged doctrine of all the enlightened world, and the way is clear and the examples are forcible, in which the world's patriots are to walk and to act.

Already have the new ministry found themselves stronger than they had dared to anticipate, for we do not believe that Lord John Russell had calculated upon anything like so large a majority as that which the division exhibited after the debate on the Sugar question. On the contrary there is every reason to suppose that a dissolution of Parliament was expected as soon as that question should have been mooted so fully as to put the country largely in possession of its merits and bearings. But, probably somewhat to his surprise, the new premier finds his supporters no longer tied up in the meshes of a received and unexamined theory. The virtuous resolves of discountenancing Slavery and slave-labour, are checked by the proof that it is physically impossible to do so, and that with all their care, anxiety, and belief they have not hitherto been doing so. That to refuse participation in one department of commerce and to deal largely in the offending matter in another is a gross inconsistency, and that in the mean while they are paying and making the public pay most dearly for a mere self-deception. They are beginning to perceive that moral and social reforms, however needed—and this against which the humane world now array themselves, most emphatically needed—must be brought about by convictions of either the propriety or the expediency of such reforms, and that coercion does but strengthen evil natures and make martyrs of enthusiasts; and, on the occasion of this ques-

tion, if the Protectionists want anything stronger to warn them off their opposition, they find it in the conduct of the very planters themselves, who decline to throw difficulties in the way of liberal measures, but only hope that their own interests and rights may not be lost sight of in the discussion and its results.

In the debate on the Sugar duties which we give to day, the weight of the opposition seems to have devolved chiefly on Lord George Bentinck, who all at once has changed the scene of his celebrity from the Turf to the floor of the House of Commons. His Lordship has evidently been reading up to his subject which he has handled fairly enough, considering that the complexion of his arguments is a somewhat faded one; and it must certainly be accorded to him that his opposition has been most courteously carried on. (Pity that he cannot inoculate his great admirer Mr. Disraeli with a little of his own sense and clothe him in a better deportment). But Sir Robert Peel dogs the steps of these two politicians, his remarks overpower them, his influence blights them, and his vote conquers them. The Sugar Duties Bill may already be considered safe, though it is exceedingly probable that many liberal modifications will yet be conceded to the British West India colonies.

How frequently have we raised our feeble voice against one particular evil which tends most materially to sap the foundations of the moral and social system; and how rejoiced ought we to be at the introduction of laws which lead most directly to the subversion of that serious evil. We allude to Smuggling, a crime which is not only in direct and purposed violation of the laws, but which is the precursor of all that is desperate, all that is vicious, all that militates against social order and moral conduct. Liberal principles of trade, and the absence of all unnecessary restrictions upon commerce must inevitably cut up that desperate trade, and cause all its mischievous maxims and courses of action to fall into disuse and oblivion. We are the rather inclined to revert to this subject, that the introduction of Free trade principles will be the commencement of that reform so essentially important in maritime situations, and through them to certain classes in the interior. Let us but see foreign commodities imported as freely as the necessities of the State—not of certain trades—will permit, and smuggling is washed from the face of the community; for who will risk liberty, property, and perhaps life, to force the contraband sale of a commodity which can be had as cheap or nearly as cheap in the fair and open way of trade? But heavy, oppressive, and unnecessary protective duties are like over-severe penalties and punishments, they are sure to be evaded, the offenders have all the sympathies of their neighbours, and both the law of the land and the morals of the people suffer. Many of these mistaken and oppressive imposts have been recently taken off from the British Tariff, but there is one which loudly calls for reform and will doubtless obtain it ere long;—we mean that of Tobacco, a weed which we nauseate and abhor but which has grown so largely into use that it cannot be put into disuse by coercion or Tariff. The duties on this greatly coveted yet worthless article are so enormous that they actually invite smuggling, and it is carried on with Tobacco in every shape and modification. We should not be surprised to find the best cure for this diseased taste in its cheapness, which might render it *unfashionable*,—a death-blow to its consumption. Be that as it may, the revenue would be immediately increased, the article imported would be of a better quality, and the moral evil would be very greatly averted, if the monstrous impost were decreased to a tenth of its present rate. We hope this may be thought of in the next session of Parliament.

The latest accounts state a rise in the price of Iron in England, in consequence of the late alterations in the U. S. Tariff, which will increase the importation here of that article, in both the bar and manufactured condition.

Lord Powis has been successful in his hostility against the proposed measure of joining the Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor in one Bishopric, and of endowing a new Bishopric (of Manchester) through that junction. In the present state of the Protestant Episcopal church, and more particularly in the present state of moral and religious education in Wales, it would have been unwise to carry such a measure into operation. It is not too much to say that there are but too few Bishops in England, for the maintenance of the Church of England faith in its purity during the present distracting dissensions; and the proposal which has been hinted at, of allowing Suffragan or Assistant-Bishops, after the manner that is done here and in the Roman Catholic church, might be found very beneficial. A Bishop of Manchester would be an exceedingly useful member of the Hierarchy, but it would surely be no hard matter to make provision for such a prelate without cutting up the emoluments of a Welsh Bishop for that purpose. The addition of another prelate to the House of Lords is another question, and not undeserving of grave consideration, but it by no means follows as a matter of course.

We are glad to see that the subject of Art Unions is so warmly espoused in the British Parliament, and that the present ministry are favourable to the encouragement of such institutions. Sir Robert Peel and his friends are opposed, not to Art-Unions, but to the abuses which may find their way into society by the permission of lotteries. This is all very well, for lotteries are a most dangerous and desperate species of gambling, from which the people at large ought to be prevented by legal restraints. But the objects in this case are so evidently laudable, that a special enactment may easily be made without the least infringement of the general principle. The bill to allow of Art-Union Lotteries is in a fair way of success, and we rejoice thereat.

The recent military flogging and the subsequent death of the culprit have caused a strong sensation in the public mind, and loud have been the demands in every quarter for the abolition of that odious punishment. We are not surprised at this expression of public abhorrence, for the public know nothing of the circumstances except the effects, and it does honour to human nature to

sympathise with the oppressed whilst they denounce the oppression. But, in the first place they should recollect that such a catastrophe is exceedingly rare, that there is no public institution perfect, and that it is just possible the culprit himself may have brought himself into the physical condition which accelerated his own death. But the punishment, it may be said, is degrading to manhood, and it is too indiscriminately resorted to. We grant the last, and regret it as much as its bitterest opposers could. It is not improbable, and indeed we do not perceive much difficulty about it, that corporal punishment could be dispensed with in the Army, as there are always abundant means of other kinds of punishing the offender and of offering examples and preventives to others. But we greatly doubt whether a stop to such punishment altogether would be politic, more especially in the Navy. The objection against the latter is that whereas a military punishment does not take place without at least the forms of a court martial, a naval one is generally at the caprice of the Commander. Now this is by no means the case; the Naval Commander is summary, and of his immediate will the punishment takes place; but the offence and the punishment must be entered on the Ship's log, as well as on that of every officer whose duty it is to keep one, and the Commander is amenable for his conduct as well as for the discipline in his ship. As for a Ship court martial, it would be worse than ridiculous, it would strike at the very root of that discipline and subordination so necessary in that service.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand," it is said; if this be the case Repeal must have suffered a sad shock through the defection of "The Martyr" Mr. O'Brien, who has now become the head of *Young Ireland* and has thrown off, altogether, the repeal party of Mr. O'Connell. The latter gentleman, to his honour be it said, has always professed to seek his object by peaceable and lawful means, but *Young Ireland* is for doing it with the strong hand. The old and sagacious head of the Repeal party will grieve at this, for he cannot but be aware that it throws the object of it back to an immense distance, and will give the government an advantage which he cannot hope to overcome. In short, now is the time for her Majesty's ministers to act wisely, and they will find that Sir Robert Peel's "greatest difficulty" will be comparatively easy in their hands. But let dignified concessions, not coercion, be their aim and plan.

The Potato crop, though affected too deeply in Ireland, is not an entirely hopeless affair; favorable exceptions, and reasonable hopes, are derived from several accounts from every section of the country; and now that the people are beginning to attain a taste for Maize, they are no longer in so pitiable a condition as they were some months ago. One thing, however, has caused them much suffering, and they do not seem yet sensible of it; the Repeal Rent has bowed them to the earth in deeper poverty and distress than they are aware of, and it is not improbable that the fall of from £2500 to £100 per week may be accounted for by the entire drain from the pockets of those poor people.

We refer our readers to "A Card," published elsewhere in our columns today, forwarded by the Passengers of the *Great Western* to Capt. Matthews of that vessel, in which they set forth their esteem and respect for that gentleman, both for his skill and his urbanity. We can well second the sentiments contained therein, and they are abundantly borne out by numerous similar testimonials which Captain Matthews has faithfully earned during many a voyage across the Atlantic.

Latest Intelligence.—Advices from Vera Cruz to the 31st ult. state that the Garrison of San Juan d'Ulloa has pronounced against the government of Parades and declared in favor of Santa Anna. A force under Gen. Alevalo, sent to suppress it, was cut to pieces and the general was killed. It is stated that on hearing the news Santa Anna left Havana, per British steamer Arab, for Vera Cruz, accompanied by Almonte and Rejon. Thus there is every probability that the Mexicans will shortly have fighting enough among themselves, and that the United States army will have easy work of it for some time.

Fine Arts.

INTERIOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER OF THE U. STATES.

We have just been favored with a proof impression of the largest mezzotint engraving ever published. It is that of the Senate of the United States in full debate, with the galleries filled by visitors. This magnificent work is executed by Mr. J. Doney, an artist altogether unsurpassed in his line, and with a fidelity as well as vigor that cannot fail to add greatly to his present high reputation. All the faces of those in the body of the house, and many of those in the galleries are portraits; those of the Senators having been taken by Daguerreotype expressly for the occasion, and have been afterwards grouped into the present design according to the positions of the faces as taken, so as to make a great and harmonised picture. The likenesses are, therefore, of most undoubted accuracy, and they are thrown into the picture with that skilful regard to light, shade, easy and natural position, and to the dignity of deportment so befitting that august body, that copies of this fine work will be assuredly highly valued by all who shall be so fortunate as to possess them.

We regret that we cannot enter into minute detail of the subjects and places of these portraits, as the key thereto is not yet completed. The artist is at present engaged thereon, and it will enable the public at once to possess an engraving equal or superior to anything that has ever appeared of the kind, and a picture gallery of the principal statesmen who are now doing honour to their country. In the whole design, including the galleries, we believe there are not fewer than 120 portraits, independently of figures put in to fill up the grouping.

The size of the Plate is about 40 inches by 32 inches,—an immense size. We shall speak of this again when we get the key before us, and shall go more largely into its several merits.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

We had fully purposed to commence our Musical reports this week with the details of the Oratorio of "The Messiah," as performed by the Sacred Music Society of New York, but have been prevented by an accident which befel us for the first time. The excellent Society to which we allude had projected a pleasant water trip to New Haven, with the intent to perform Handel's master work in one of the churches there on the evening of the Commencement of Yale College; to accompany them we were most obligingly furnished with tickets by the respected President, and had got within fifty yards of the boat when we had the mortification to see her shoot from the wharf into the stream, and—we lost our passage and anticipated gratification. The last was the greatest mortification; for we have heard that not only was the Oratorio performed in capital style, under the conducting of Mr. U. C. Hill, and to a crowded and most refined audience, but that all the way to and from New Haven there was continuous music, vocal and instrumental, songs, glees, &c., of every variety, calculated to make it a most delightful excursion, and matter of almost regret that it came to an end. *N'importe*; we shall be more on the alert at the next opportunity.

Camillo Sivori.—We learn that Sig. Ferranti, agent of this distinguished violinist has already arrived here, and is making arrangements for the future proceedings of M. Sivori. Report also speaks of Sig. Ferranti himself as a fine musician and first rate performer on the Guitar.

NEW MUSIC.—The following beautiful songs are just published by W. Millett, at his Music Saloon, 329 Broadway:—

"In happy moments," composed by the distinguished W. V. Wallace, for his grand opera of "Maritana." This is a sweet air in F major for the tenor voice.

"Near thee, still near thee."—The words of this are by Mrs. Hemans, and the Music by Miss Cooke; the composition is in two movements gracefully changing, and adapted for either a contralto or a tenor voice.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—It has become a habit of our mind to consider the opening of the Park Theatre, the Metropolitan Temple of the Drama in America, as the commencement of the Cis-Atlantic Season. This took place on Monday evening last, with a bill of performances giving promise of a vigorous campaign. We trust that it may be such; but in all candour, and with most sincere wishes for the prosperity of the establishment, we are bound, in justice to our own poor judgment, and to the public who may feel inclined to put any confidence therein, to say that the opening was much of a disappointment, and the force as there exhibited far from a strong one. If we have here to speak in any terms approaching to harshness we beg the subjects thereof to believe that we regret the necessity, and that we would infinitely rather say two words of praise than one of censure; but as the duty of a faithful journalist is to report as truly as he can, the praise or the censure must flow from our pen, according to our unbiased consideration of the case.

The play was "The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve," the principal cast being Mr. Bass as Aspen, and a debutant named Mr. Collins as McShane. With pain we have observed that Mr. Bass, who is an accomplished man, an experienced actor, and who has been justly considered a strong card at this house, was altogether out both in his performance of the character, and in his acquaintance with the text. He did not even sustain the part according to his reading of it, but every moment this "nervous man" was carrying on his dialogue with all the quiet smoothness of genteel comedy, and his blunders and hesitations were most pitifully painful both to himself and his audience. His grimaces were not those distressing ones of a hypochondriac, but frequently as ludicrous and absurd as those of the clown in a pantomime. Alas! We are compelled to revive the recollections of Placide, the *real* nervous man, with whom we all so sympathised in body and spirit, that we frequently forgot the ridiculousness of his phantacies until some appropriate little point shook the veil of their absurdity.

Now all this rendered it a hard task for the new man to make his way among strangers; for, instead of merely working out his own part, he had frequently to play that of prompter to those who should have "played up to him." On this account, and for a similar reason on the following night, we would delay giving our final opinion of him as an actor until he shall have had fairer play. Mr. Collins possesses a very good figure, a clear distinct utterance, tones which at particular times might be mistaken for those of the lamented Power himself; he is not a very young man, and has had some experience of stage business, but he cannot throw his whole soul into the character so as to make us forget the actor; on the contrary there is an expression of consciousness that he is acting continually on his countenance, and we are ourselves inclined to doubt his taste for that rollicking humour which is universally admitted to be the Irish characteristic. Indeed we have more than once asked ourselves the question, "Is he an Irishman?"—because his brogue struck upon our ear as wanting homogeneity, and he is fond of a certain English vulgarism "By the law (lord) Harry!" We certainly failed to discover any humour in his "Teddy the Tiler," and thought the scene of introduction to his supposed noble relatives most insufferably tedious and unnaturally impudent and vulgar. In fact we have not yet been able to detect much that would intimate his ability to play an Irish Gentleman, however "Nous verrons."

Mr. Collins has a charming and firm tenor voice, which will serve him well should he not prove first rate as an actor, and we would earnestly recommend

to him, as an additional road to public favour, never to omit singing on each night that he acts. But we will obtrude a word of advice upon him:—let the song be a little appropriate to the character he sustains. The "Bould Soldier Boy," though pleasing in itself, is not the song that a real Sir Patrick O'Plenipo would sing either in his own house or in the Palace of the Grand Duke.

The valuable Mrs. Vernon, the clever little Mrs. Knight, Fisher, and Andrews deserve as they always have deserved great praise for the performances, but as for all the rest on Monday night they were—we must say the word—detestably bad, and that is what no one should be able to say of the least important of the *dramatis personæ* of this house.

On Tuesday evening matters were still less to our satisfaction. Mr. Bass appeared scarcely to know a line of his part as the Spanish minister in "The Irish Ambassador," it was altogether distressing, and we every moment expected to hear the sibilant noise such as is uttered by a certain long-necked fowl, and the sound of which is the actor's dread. Mrs. Abbott went through her part very neatly, but Mrs. Sutherland who enacted the Spanish minister's daughter was—again we feel regret that we must say—below criticism.

The Orchestra was in excellent order; a beautiful medley overture of Irish *motifs*, composed and arranged by the talented Mr. Chubb, the conductor, was much admired, and the plain, simple, but pure style in which the *Cornet à Piston* was played, was altogether delightful.

But may we not respectfully hope that the management will shortly sweep out the mass of litter which encumbers the house, and give the Public a good substantial Stock? Nothing can be meaner than the present,—with some few exceptions.

Niblo's Garden.—The season here is one continued jubilee; night after night, whether the Ravels with their wonderful exploits, or the Comedians with their excellent casts and good pieces are the dominant powers of amusement, still the house and the gardens have a profusion of company. On Tuesday evening the celebrated Ballet of "Giselle" was brought out here, the principal character by Mdle. Blangy, and admirably supported by Mdme. Leon Javelli as Myrtha, the Wilie queen. Our readers will probably recollect the history of this ballet as we attempted to give it when it was brought out at the Park some months ago. We may, therefore, proceed to say that Mdle. Blangy is a highly graceful and elegant Giselle, and that the ballet was produced, as the Ravels indeed produce every thing, well, perfectly, and without confusion. This is as it should be, for a neglect of the little minor points always mars the general effect.

"London Assurance" was performed again on Wednesday evening last, Mr. Thos. Placide taking the part of Meddle, which he plays exceedingly well, the stolidity of his style of rendering the part, being a good variation from the manner in which it is usually done.—We presume that Mr. Burton has departed to prepare for the opening of his own theatre at Baltimore.

Bowery Theatre.—Benefits which precede important losses are taking place here. Messrs. Cony and Blanchard, so celebrated in Melodrame, and for their finely trained dog for stage incident, took their benefit on Wednesday evening, previous to their return to England, whither also Mr. J. R. Scott is bound. The latter fine actor is also going through his final round of characters ere he depart. The house—but that is an every day story—is filled every night, for besides the attractions mentioned above, here is a new piece called "Hoboken," being a novel ingeniously dramatised by Mr. Walcott, and in which that clever actor appears advantageously. It is having a good run.

Literary Notices.

A Practical Treatise on Dyeing and Calico-Printing, Including the latest Inventions and Improvements: Also, A Description of the Origin, Manufacture, Uses and Chemical properties of the various Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Substances employed in these Arts: With an Appendix, comprising Definitions of Chemical Terms; with tables of Weights, Measures, Thermometers, Hydrometers, &c. &c. By an experienced Dyer, assisted by several Scientific Gentlemen.—8 vo. pp. 726.—New York: Harpers.—This useful work is illustrated by many wood-engravings, and ten Steel Plates exhibiting the latest important improvements in Dyeing and Calico-Printing. The Author in his Preface observes that he has endeavoured—

1. To reduce the whole theory of dyeing to the utmost simplicity and accuracy;

2. To classify, arrange, and define colours, in order to enable those who are pursuing the related branches of study, as well as the artist, to comprehend more easily the nature of each particular hue, tint, and shade, and the relation it bears to the primary elements of light, darkness, and colour;

3. To elucidate each particular subject in such a manner as, it is hoped, will impart substantial knowledge to those seeking it, and at the same time exhibit those shoals towards which so many have been attracted by erroneous deductions and false conclusions;

4. To set forth the actual properties, characters, and uses of the various Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral substances employed in dyeing and the auxiliary arts; and

5. To define the various chemical and technical terms employed in the dye-house, print-works, &c.

In the work which the author now presents to the public, he has embodied not only the results of his own experience, for more than twenty years, in the most celebrated dye-houses of Great Britain and France, but also a digest of all worth preserving that has hitherto been written on the subject, including every thing of practical value to be found in Persoz's 'Traité Théorique et Pratique de l'Impression des Tissus,' 'Annales de Chimie et de Physique,' Ure's 'Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines,' his 'Dictionary of Chemistry,' and in Parnell's 'Applied Chemistry.' Giving others full credit for what they have done, the author has reserved and exercised the right of making such corrections and additions as his own practical experience has suggested, and the interests of the trade imperatively demanded.

In pursuing his investigations, the author enjoyed some advantages which few, if any, beside him, have ever possessed. Being intimately acquainted with nearly every leading manufacturer in England, France, Belgium, and Prussia, he has had free and full access to establishments which have been open to but few. He takes this opportunity to return heartfelt thanks for the kindness least partially requited by the compilation of this work.

A brief description of every valuable invention and improvement connected with Dyeing or Calico-Printing made in Europe since 1834, is given in the following pages. Many of these inventions have proved of immense value to the trade, and the list, we are sure, forms one of the most important features of the work.

The judicious Editor of the *Tribune* makes the following remarks on this book, which appear to us so pertinent and so just, that they aptly clothe our own ideas thereon:—

"We have examined this treatise with unusual care, and believe the author has done well all that he has undertaken. We believe no Dyer or Calico-Printer can afford to be without this work—that it will save thousands of dollars each to many establishments, and be the means of improving and perfecting the Arts of which it treats. It can hardly fail to attract and reward the immediate attention of those interested. The Chapters on 'Recent Inventions and Improvements in Dyeing and Calico-Printing Processes,' with the explanatory engravings, must alone be worth to them many times the price of the book.

"But this work is by no means valuable to Manufacturers only. All who produce, import, or deal in articles used in Dyeing and Calico-Printing may profit by it as well. Each substance as well as each process employed in Dyeing receives particular attention; and besides the most approved processes employed in Great Britain, France, Germany, this Country, and elsewhere for producing each colour and shade of colour, we have an account of the properties and composition of the several ingredients, how they may be most economically prepared or obtained, and how frauds and adulterations may be surely detected. Thus under the title *Logwood*, we find not only a summary of the history, nature, properties, uses and varieties of Logwood, but also tests for detecting the frauds whereby an inferior is made to pass for a superior article. So of *Madder*, *Indigo*, &c. &c. Many Dyes hitherto imported ought to be produced here, and will be if proper information is diffused among our people. The practical benefits of such works as these are multifarious and inexhaustible, and we trust it will be promptly and widely disseminated. The price is \$3 50."

Random Recollections of an Old Doctor.—Baltimore: W. Taylor, & Co.—This clever little brochure is said to be from the pen of Mr. Park Benjamin. It possesses both humour and pathos, though it smells a little of the lamp.

The Knickerbocker Magazine for August, 1846.—Our friend Clarke grows more and more racy every month; he has opened well on the present occasion with his "Leaves from Mount Athos," and we need hardly observe that he closes well with his exquisite "gossip;" but indeed he is excellent throughout. The number is embellished with a fine likeness of Dempster the Scottish vocalist.

Harper's Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare, No. 99 and 100 bring us to the commencement of the First Part of Aenry IV. This will be a splendid edition of the bard when completed.

The London "Lancet".—New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—Praise is exhausted on the subject of this very important publication, the reprint of which with careful copies of the diagrams and other wood cuts, is well got up by the publisher.

London Quarterly Review for July 1746.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—The Quarterly has several papers of uncommon interest at present, particularly on the Expedition to Borneo for the suppression of Piracy; the life of Hume the Historian, Grote's history of Greece, Bunsen's Egypt, the display of Lord Hardinge, Lord George, &c.

The Edinburgh Review for July 1846.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—The old "blue and yellow" which needs no recommendation, is here reprinted, and will be welcomed by every lover of racy criticism.

Responses on the Use of Tobacco.—By Rev. B. I. Lane.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—As we have never disguised our abhorrence of the weed here held up to public examination, so we do not now subdue the delight with which we now announce the exposition of the evils attendant on the use of it. These are drawn from the letters of several of the most eminent persons in the United States, who prove its mischievous tendency.

Italy, Spain, and Portugal.—By Wm. Beckford.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The series of "Books which are books" and which have deserved that character from the commencement of the series to the present containing in Nos. 65 and 66, the work of which we have just given the title, and which are sure to be well received, as being from the pen of the accomplished Beckford, the author of the *Caliph Vathek*, and of *Anastatius*. No man has finer ideas of the picturesque, no man has better views of the lands over which he passes, and the ground here included in the path of his travels abounds in incident which he is just the man to seize upon to illustrate his peregrinations. This work is sure to be, and deservedly, greatly in demand.

An Elementary Reader.—German and English.—By Ignace Steiner.—New York: Wiley and Putnam.—There has been of late years a strong desire among the educated classes of this country to be intimate with the language and literature of the Germans. The work before us is admirably calculated to supply such a desideratum. The author has considered well the analogy between the German or rather the Saxon which is the ground of both, and the English. He draws the attention and clears the apprehension of those who speak the latter language to this fact and thus makes the study of the German less tedious and troublesome than it would otherwise be. We like the book but certainly we do not like the servile custom of getting certificates of its usefulness from parties who are in fact ignorant of its qualities, and incapable of giving opinions. We see good names,—we admit, very good names—attached as recommendatory notices, but we see others, of those who actually know nothing of what they so readily praise.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

RETURN MATCH BETWEEN THE UNION CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, AND THE ST. GEORGE'S CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The return match of the two crack elevens of the St. George's and Union Clubs was played on the ground of the latter, at Camden, N. J., on Thursday and Friday last. It resulted in favor of the Philadelphians, with 51 runs to spare. The match of last year was also won by them, easily, with nine wickets to go down—they have a strong club, containing many excellent players.

The match of last week was well played by both parties—the St. George's Club, having the choice, put the Unionists to the bat—the first over, bowled by Comery to Turner R. Ticknor, being at the other end.

The innings lasted 2h. and 10m., and but 53 was scored. Groom gave 12 overs, of 6 balls each, Comery 14 and Winckworth 1. The first wicket was lost to 1 run, the 2d to 16, the 3d to 23, the 4th to 30, 5th to 31, 6th to 25, 7th to 37, 8th to 46, 9th to 51, and the 10th to 53. The bowling and fielding are well spoken of by every one who saw the play.

Winckworth and Wright were sent in by the St. George's men, Dudson and Rouse (overhand bowlers and capital ones) bowling. Winckworth was given out leg before wicket without a run. This innings lasted 2h. 45min., and yet but 45 runs were obtained. The first wicket fell to 0, the 2d to 4, the 5d to 5, the 5th to 18, the 6th to 18, the 6th to 20, the 7th to 25, the 8th to 41, the 9th to 43, and the 10th to 45. Dudson bowled 16 overs, Rouse 15 and 3 balls. All the wickets were by Rouse.

The second innings of the Unionists lasted 4 hours, and resulted in their adding 93 to their first score. Comery bowled 27. Groom 22, and Winckworth three overs. The 1st wicket fell to 9 runs, the 2d to 15, the 3d to 28, the 4th to 31, the 5th to 57, the 6th to 85, the 7th to 86, the 8th to 92, the 9th to 92, and the 10th to 93. The wickets were all Groom's.

The second innings of the St. George's men was of 2h. 45min., duration, and but 50 runs were added to those gained in the first innings. Dudson bowled 15 overs, Rouse 13, and of the wickets the latter made 11, the former but 1. The first wicket went down for 3 runs, the 2d for 12, the 3d 17, the 4th 19, the 5th 19, the 6th 23, the 7th 33, the 8th 40, the 9th 40, and the 10th 50.

UNION CLUB, OF PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Turner, b. Comery	4	b. Comery	10
R. Ticknor, b. Groom	0	c. Wright, b. Winckworth	0
Dudson, b. Comery	12	b. Comery	18
Bradshaw, c. Wright, b. Comery	3	b. Comery	22
Dawson, b. Comery	6	b. Groom	2
J. Ticknor, c. Comery, b. Groom	1	b. Comery	12
Rouse, b. Groom	3	c. Wheatcroft, b. Comery	4
Fell, c. Bates, b. Comery	8	c. Comery, b. Groom	4
Sutcliffe, c. Wright, b. Comery	2	b. Comery	0
Blackburne, not out	1	b. Groom	4
Lewis, run out	2	not out	0
Byes	8		12
Wide balls	3	(Groom)	5
Total	53		93

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB, OF NEW YORK.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Winckworth, l. b. w., b. Dudson	0	run out	6
Wright, b. Dudson	8	c. Turner, b. Dudson	9
Bates, c. Lewis, b. Rouse	0	c. J. Ticknor, b. Dudson	0
Comery, b. Dudson	0	c. and b. Dudson	8
R. Waller, l. b. w.	5	c. J. Ticknor, b. Dudson	0
Wheatcroft, not out	10	b. Rouse	2
Tinson, b. Dudson	1	c. J. Ticknor, b. Rouse	0
Groom, c. Turner, b. Rouse	0	b. Dudson	5
Greene, b. Rouse	6	not out	4
Edwards, c. Turner, b. Rouse	0	b. Dudson	2
Warren, run out	2	b. Rouse	1
Byes	5		1
Wide balls (Rouse)	8		12
Total	45		50

Although a great number of byes was made against the St. George's Club, it is but just to state that it was not the fault of the long stop, Mr. John Warrin, whose handling of the ball was excellent—all the byes, but five, were made from the legs of the batters, or those of the wicket keeper. The St. George's Club was beaten by the superior batting of the Unionists. The bowling of St. George was as superior to that of its opponents as its batting was superior to that of our club here.

It is slightly amusing, and somewhat disgusting to hear the chuckling remarks that are made by the know-alls of the day, because the St. George's Club has been beaten of late—as if no credit were due to it for its spirited and costly keeping up the game! Had it not been for this club, cricketing would have had a rapid consumption by this time. These generous critics may rest assured of one thing—the club will not 'stay beaten.'—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

Upon the whole, the harvest this year is very good, but in some places the crops are less than the average, and in some parts of Bretagne they have been entirely destroyed.

AMERICAN MUSICAL CONVENTION.

THIS Convention will meet on TUESDAY, the 15th of September next, at 12 o'clock, at the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, New York, and continue until the following Saturday.

The Committee are happy to state, that arrangements are nearly completed for the delivery of Addresses by various eminent gentlemen, for Lectures upon the practical part of the science, for the usual Discussions, and for Illustrations and other performances; constituting altogether such "a feast of things" as is likely to exceed all former precedent in this country.

All persons interested in the cultivation of Music are invited to attend. More specific information will be given in due time.—By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

GEORGE ANDREWS, E. W. HOOKER, U. C. HILL,
EDWARD HODGES, Mus. Doct. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Aug. 15-th.

MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely refitted and put in the best possible order.

By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him.

Natchez, March 19, 1846.

JOHN McDONNELL.
Aug. 1-6mp.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

IF The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS RELIABLE. Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth's Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life; they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth's Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

PURIFICATION.

It is a settled creed in all correct medical jurisprudence, that unless the blood is kept free from impurities, the whole system must inevitably become diseased. When the blood becomes clogged, thick, and moves through the veins and arteries with a sluggish motion, we may rest assured that sickness, with its concomitant train of evils, is about to ensue. The utmost care and greatest precaution are therefore necessary, and the system should be closely watched. Those who generally provide themselves with mild and aperient physic, should give a preference to such as are of a strictly vegetable nature. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills appear to be the universal favorite, as they are composed entirely of Vegetables and co-operate so effectually—cleaning the system—purifying the blood and removing all undue biliary secretions.

Remember, Druggists are NOT permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S. AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERRETYPE, AND BEST APPARATUS.

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.

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July 25-th.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

No. 26 Cornhill, London.

CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$		\$
			1837	1038 75	500 24	80 08	2225
			1838	960 76	435 53	67 53	1987
60	5000	370 80	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1780
			1840	581 85	270 30	39 70	1483
			1841	555 56	347 50	37 54	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall Street, New York.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, June 23d, 1846.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 355 BROADWAY for a superior and warranted article.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, July 24, 1846.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earll, Jr. and Stephen Clark, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Lott, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 3, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st., page 140.

Aug. 8.—3 m.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

GREAT WESTERN.			
From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	11th April.	Thursday	7th May.
Saturday	30th May.	Thursday	25th June.
Saturday	25th July.	Thursday	20th Aug.
Saturday	12th Sept.	Thursday	6th Oct.
Saturday	31st Oct.	Thursday	26th Nov.

GREAT BRITAIN

From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	9th May.	Saturday	6th June.
Tuesday	7th July.	Saturday	1st Aug.
Wednesday	26th Aug.	Tuesday	22d Sept.
Tuesday	20th Oct.	Tuesday	17th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
 Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agencies.
 For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
 New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front St.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer. (In private state rooms if desired), without either of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Courtlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms.

J. T. WILLISTON,

Nov. 8-1 Y.

No. 1 Courtlandt-st., Up Stairs.

LAP-WELDED
BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1/2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER.
 Can be obtained only of the Patentee,

THOS. PROSSER,
28 Platt Street, N.Y.

DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.
 ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P. M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscuring and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED with or without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

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JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated on Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with delicate Perfumery of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent assortment, at a low cost.

Jly 11-1f.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than any other fine pointed pen, thus making it of a more durable character. The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
 " " " Harlem River.
 View of the Jet at
 Fountain in the Park, New York.
 " in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style, must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
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THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,
Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail),
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 2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopædia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.

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ALEXANDER WATSON,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office No. 77 Nassau Street; House No. 428 Broome Street. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City without any extra charge. My 24-1y.

FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-1f.

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THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

Jly 4-1y.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-1y.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26.	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCIOUS,	Assa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
 E. K. COLLINS & Co., 36 South Street, N.Y., or to
 BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1/2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	July 11.	Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	July 26.

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and interests of Importers. For freight or passage, apply to
 My 24-1y. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
 My 31-1f. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
 CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to
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 JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidela, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
 My 24-1f. GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-st., or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or
 BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.